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& BYSTANDER



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secret gardens



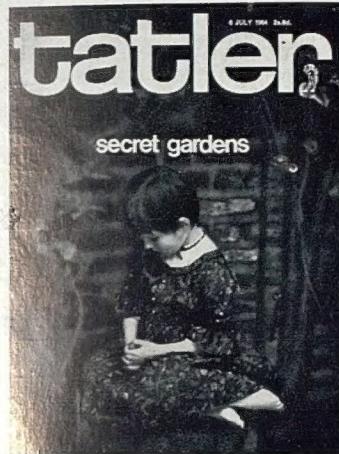


When it comes to cream sherries
most people know what they like.

tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3280

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



The secret garden on the cover is in Cadogan Street —you can see more of it in Elizabeth Williamson's feature, page 71 onwards. She went where the houses were thickest to find her gardens and found it surprising how many treasured pools and plots and trellised ramblers hide themselves behind red brick and weathered stone in the London of the 60's. The little girl in David Montgomery's cover picture is Victoria Scott-Brown and she wears a Tana lawn dress by Liberty with minuscule flowers blooming in petunia pink on a purple ground. It costs £6 14s. 6d.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Oxfam Summer Ball and River-boat Shuffle, Monkey Island, Bray, Friday, 17 July. River steamer casino. Cabaret with Frankie Vaughan. Running buffet. Barbecue breakfast. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Secretary, Oxfam Ball, Monkey Island, Bray, Berkshire.)

City of London Festival, to 18 July. (Details, HYD 6050.)

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 25 July.

Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt Ball, Gatwick Manor, 10 July. (Tickets, £2 10s., from Mr. George Perring, Old Town House, Lingfield, Surrey.)

Cheltenham Festival Ball, Pittville Pump Room, 10 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Ball Organizer, Town Hall, Cheltenham.)

British Jumping Derby, Hickstead, Surrey, 11-12 July.

Regency Rout, Cheltenham Festival, 14 July. (Tickets, £1, inc. wine, refreshments and dancing.)

Highland Society of London banquet, Grosvenor House, 15 July. (Details Bishop's Stortford 4079.)

M.C.C. v Lords & Commons, Hurlingham, 15 July.

Officers' Mess Summer Ball, R.A.F. Hospital, Ely, 15 July. (Details, Ely 2371.)

Summer Fair, Criterion, Piccadilly, 2-7 p.m., 15 July, in aid of the Catholic Handicapped Children's Fellowship.

Life-boat Dance, Dodington House, Glos, 17 July. (Details, Mrs. Hastings, Lucas, Nailsea, Somerset, 476.)

King's Week, Canterbury, 17-26 July. (Details and tickets, Manager of King's Week, King's School, Canterbury.)

M.C.C. Centenary dinner, Grosvenor House, 20 July. (Details, Mr. A. W. Flower, LOR 1300.)

Hurlingham Polo Ball, 22 July. (Details, BEL 3449/4530.)

Night of 100 Stars, London Palladium, 23 July, in aid of the Actors Charitable Trust. (Seats, £2 2s. to £21.)

Festival of Flowers, Buxton, Derbyshire, 22, 23 July.

Scottish Game Fair, Blair Drummond, Perthshire, 24, 25 July. (Details, REG 7412.)

Surrey Union Hunt summer ball, Stumblehole, Leigh, 24 July. (Details, Miss J. Biggs, Stumblehole, Leigh, Reigate.)

"Il Seraglio," by the Opera da Camera, in the garden of 52

Campden Hill Sq., W.8, 9 p.m. 28 July, in aid of the International Social Service. (Tickets, £6 6s. and £8 8s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from the Secretary, 52 Campden Hill Sq., and TAT 8737.)

Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, Frank Hooker School, 31 July, in aid of Oxfam. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from Mrs. John Baker White: CANTERBURY 64767.)

POLO

Cowdray Park Gold Cup, semi-finals, 12 July.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newmarket, Pomfret, today & 9; Lingfield Park, Chester, Beverley, 10, 11; Worcester, Newcastle, 11; Alexandra Park, Birmingham, 13; Kempton Park, 14-16; Carlisle, 15; Yarmouth, Doncaster, 15-16 July.

SHOWS

Royal Agricultural Show, Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, to 10 July.

Royal Windsor Rose Show, 10, 11 July.

Great Yorkshire Show, Harrogate, 14-16 July.

International Horse Show, White City, 20-25 July.

Peterborough Show, 21-23 July.

CRICKET

Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's, Today to 10 July.

GOLF

Open Championship, St. Andrews. Today to 10 July.

English Amateur Championship, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts 13-18 July.

MOTOR RACING

R.A.C. European Grand Prix, Brands Hatch, 11 July.

SAILING & REGATTAS

Inland Waterways Association Rally, Stratford-upon-Avon, 9-15 July.

Kingston-upon-Thames Regatta, 11 July.

Hamble Regatta, Hants, 11, 12 July.

Prince of Wales Cup Week (14-ft. dinghies), Lowestoft, 12-16 July.

Sharpie Week, Brancaster, Norfolk, 15-19 July.

R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race, 17 July.

AVIATION

National Air Races, Shoreham, 17, 18 July.

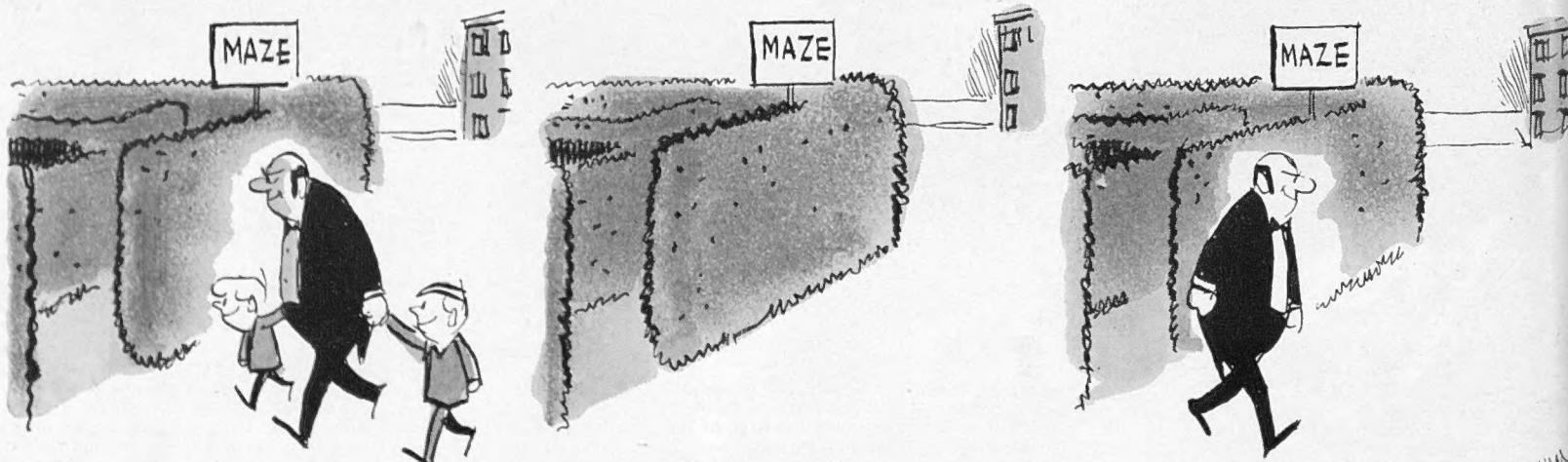
MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Drury Lane. *La Bayadère*, *Images of Love*, *Hamlet*, 8 July; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 9, 15 July; *Giselle*, 10 July; *Mam'zelle Angot*, *Scènes de Ballet*, *The Dream*, 11 July (2.15 p.m. also), 14 July; *The Sleeping Beauty* 13 July, 7.30 p.m. (TEM 8108.)

Country House concerts.

Petworth, Yehudi Menuhin (violin), George Malcolm (Harpsichord), 7.30 p.m., 12 July

BRIGGS by Graham



Dyrham Park, near Bath. London Cembalo Quartet, 8 p.m., 18 July; **The Vyne**, near Basingstoke, London Cembalo Quartet, 7 p.m., 19 July. (PRI 7142).

Lakeside concert, Kenwood. Philharmonia, cond. Pope, 8 p.m., 11 July. "The Beggar's Opera," Court Theatre, Holland Park, to 11 July. 7.30 p.m. Mats: 2.30 p.m. tomorrow & Saturday. **Kenwood Sunday concert**: Fou Ts'ong (piano), 7.30 p.m., 12 July. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

Folk dances of the world, Commonwealth Institute Theatre, 7 p.m., 13 July. (HYD 6000.)

Lunchtime concert, Wigmore Hall. Robin Fairhurst (baritone), Antony Lindsay (piano), 1.5 p.m., 14 July. (Adm: 2s., students, 6d.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

John Healey, luminous pictures, Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., 9-31 July.

Pamela Blake, oils & gouaches, Medici Gallery, Grafton St., to 22 July.

J. M. Cruxent, kinetic pictures, Couper Gallery, New Bond St., to 11 July.

Design & Advertising Art, 1964, Reed House, Piccadilly, to 16 July.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare's Life & Times, Stratford-upon-Avon, to 5 Aug.

Regency Exhibition, Brighton, to 30 September.

Shopping In Britain, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 29 Aug.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, to 17 July.

Hallé Festival of Music, Harrogate, to 11 July.

Chichester Theatre Festival, to 29 August.

Lake District Festival, to 17 July.

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham House, Suffolk, 10-26 July.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park: *Taming of the Shrew*, 15 July-15 August.

Polesden Lacey, near Dorking. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 16-18 July. (Bookham 241.)

SON ET LUMIÈRE

Hampton Court, to 26 September, in aid of Lady Hoare's Thalidomide Appeal. (HYD 6000.) See page 62.

FIRST NIGHTS

Sadler's Wells. *Richard I*, tonight.

Savoy. *The First Fish*, tonight.

Aldwych. *End Game*, 9 July.

Chichester Festival. *The Dutch Courtesan*, 14 July.

Oxford Playhouse. *The Soldiers Fortune*, 14 July.

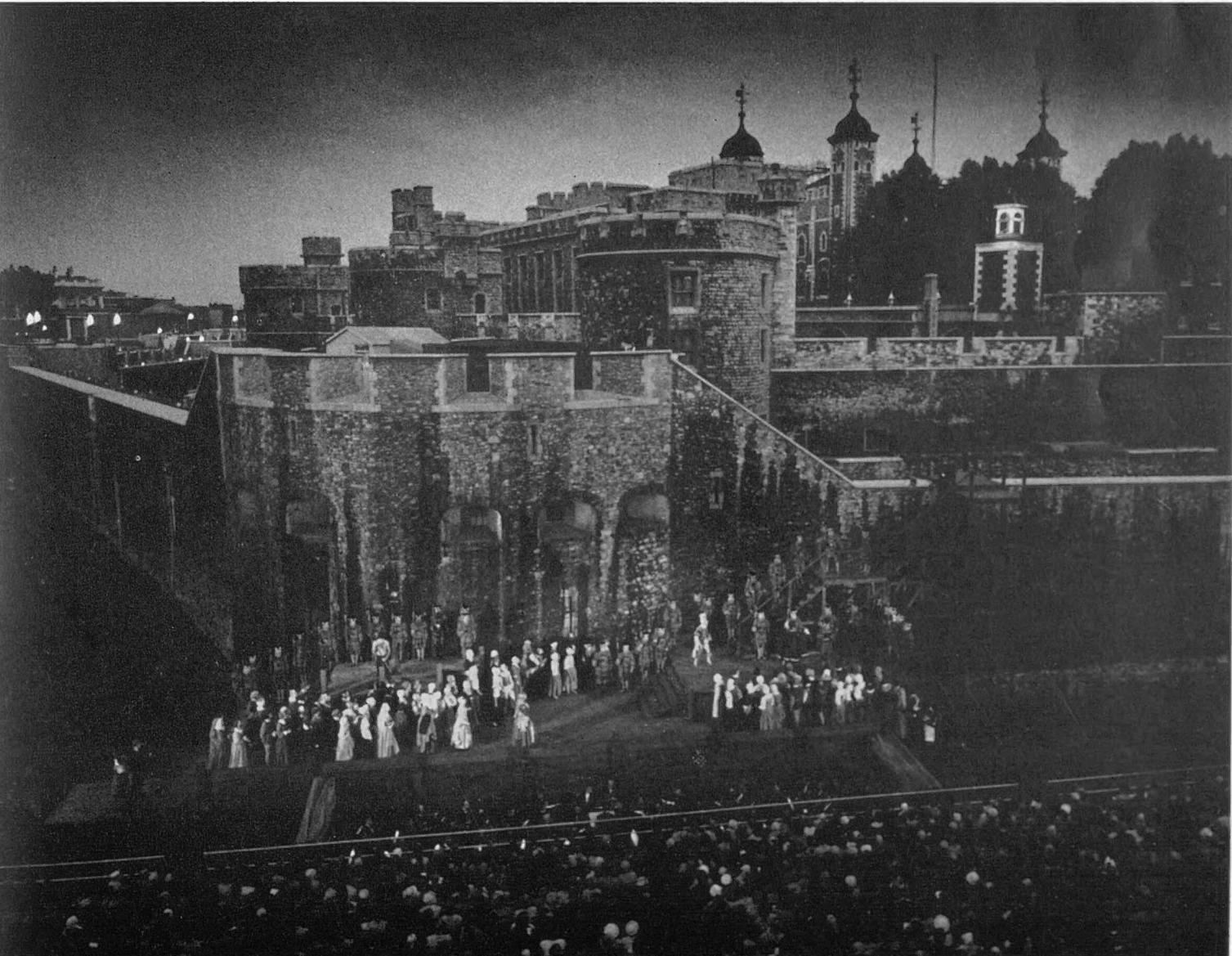
Whitehall. *Chase Me, Comrade*, 15 July.

GARDENS

London: Fulham Palace, 11 July. **Middlesex**: Black Jack's Mill, Harefield, nr. Denham, 12 July. **Bucks**: The Abbey,

Aston Abbots, nr. Aylesbury, 12 July. **Herts**: Ayot Place, Welwyn; King's Walden Bury, nr. Hitchin, 12 July. **Surrey**: Chilworth Manor, nr. Guildford; The Grange, Farnham; High Hackhurst, Abinger Manor, 12 July; Chilworth Manor, 13 July. **Sussex**: Nether Walstead, Lindfield; Wakehurst Place, Ardingly, 12 July. **Kent**: Crittenden House, Matfield, nr. Tonbridge; Glassenbury Park, nr. Cranbrook; Old Manor, Pluckley, nr. Ashford; Ramhurst Manor, nr. Tonbridge; Wateringbury Place, nr. Maidstone; Withersdene Hall, Wye, nr. Ashford, 12 July. **Essex**: Braiswick Rose Gardens, Stanway, nr. Colchester; Lilystone Hall, Stock, nr. Billericay, 12 July. **Berks**: Floral Mile, Twyford; Kingstone Lisle Park, nr. Wantage; Monks Alley, Binfield, 12 July.

In its proper setting: Gilbert & Sullivan's opera *The Yeomen of the Guard* is performed against the backdrop of London's Tower this week and next as part of the Festival of the City of London





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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table. **Caxton Grill**, St. Ermin's, Caxton Street, Westminster. (ABB 7888.) *C.S.* & Saturdays. I would hazard a guess that every week some pretty sizeable business deals are done over the lunch-table in this completely modern but pleasant and comfortable room. They follow a policy that I think is sound. The main course is around the 15s. 6d. mark, but there is plenty of it and it is of high quality. For example, I had cold salmon with a salad, both excellent, and did not want anything more than coffee, which is above average. St. Ermin's is one of the Grand Metropolitan group, and the wine list is in consequence based upon its very extensive cellars. It does not pretend to be a cheap restaurant or to offer a very large menu, but the whole emphasis, even to the flower decorations, is on quality. *W.B.*

New look, S.W.1

Knightsbridge 8444, opposite Harrods. I have praised this cheerful go-ahead restaurant before, and do so again for the new look given to the street-level room. It now has air conditioning, as has the Frascati room downstairs, and is decorated in contrasting black and poppy with panelled walls. You can have a full meal or coffee and a cake, or bacon and eggs at 11 p.m. At night there are two Spanish singers downstairs—the chef is also Spanish. The cooking is first-rate, prices most reasonable, and the wine list well chosen. They are having a notable success with a dry Italian rosé, a Verdicchio Rosato Vinoro 1961. *W.B.*

Eating round the world in London

5. Scandinavia and Spain

Skandia Room, Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly; **Three Vikings**, Brewer Street, Regent Street end; **Wivex**, Danish Restaurant, 87 Wigmore Street; **New Ambassadors Hotel**, Swedish Room, Upper Woburn Place; **Martinez Spanish Restaurant**, Swallow Street; **Casa Pepe**, 52 Dean Street,

Soho, and 151 Fulham Road; **Andalucia Spanish Restaurant**, 80 Heath Street, Hampstead; **Antonio**, Long Acre, St. Martin's Lane end.

A meal to remember

Date: 11 June.

Place: L'Hostellerie Saint-Antoine, Albi, France.

Occasion: Luncheon to celebrate the opening of the centenary Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition in the Palais des Berbiers. *Dressé et servi* by the Rieux family, who have directed this hotel for four generations. Menu: *Feuilleté au Roquefort*; *Langouste à la Russe*; *Baron d'agneau à la broche, garniture printanière*; *Plateau de fromages*; *Glacé Tutti-Frutti*; *Gaufrettes*; *Corbeille de fruits*; *Café, Liqueurs*.

Wine: Champagne Henriot. Blanc de Blancs.

The exhibition is open until September and the Hostellerie is a first-class place to stay. Recent extensive modernization has made it one of the most elegant and comfortable hotels in all France.

Wine note

Honest Vino, Carafino. For some time past these wines—

red, white and rosé—have been sold in the Peter Dominic stores. They are now also available from Edward Roche, Osborne's, Northern Wine Stores, Walklate & Sons, Castle Ward, Morgan Furze, Hunter & Oliver and from D. Cameron in Edinburgh. All three wines, but notably the red, are jolly good value for money. Litre bottles cost 8s. 10d. plus 6d. deposit on the bottle, and half-gallon pitchers 19s. 6d. plus 2s. 6d. deposit. This is equivalent to 6s. 9d. for a normal wine bottle. They do not claim to be more than honest, consistent, *vins ordinaires*, matured by the Henri Lemaire process; but at 12/13° strength they make pleasant drinking for an ordinary occasion, and the pitchers are just the job for a picnic.

... and a reminder

Hostaria Romana, 70 Dean Street, Soho. (REG 2869.) In the opinion of satisfied customers, some of the best Italian cooking in these parts.

Jules Bar, 35 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 4700.) Perhaps the best sausages and mashed potatoes in London, plus a good cold table in pleasant surroundings, for reasonable prices.



The champagne frivolity of Hollywood musicals is one type of film cliché satirised in What a Way to Go. Shirley MacLaine sleeps in a wine glass with one of her succession of rich husbands—in this case Robert Mitchum. Other men she marries and lives with in various Hollywood styles include Paul Newman, Gene Kelly and Dean Martin. General release next week

OPERAS FOR FESTIVALS

Each year more festivals take place up and down the country. In fact, quite soon the most coveted places for a quiet retreat may well be those places without a plethora of string quartets, poetry readings or strange new ballets; places where one can walk in the woods without becoming an inadvertent extra in a performance of a masque by Milton, or wander into a church without being an unwilling witness to a vital new cantata. Festivals do however serve a useful artistic purpose by providing a reason to mount new works that might otherwise have to wait for a public airing until commercial conditions obtain. This year's crop of festivals has produced the usual crop of new works, two of the most interesting of which are illustrated here. They are operas by Benjamin Britten and by Malcolm Williamson, photographed at their first performances at the Aldeburgh Festival. Both are also being performed currently at the City of London Festival. The Britten work is based on a Noh play he saw in Japan; it is called *Curlew River* and is being done twice nightly at Southwark Cathedral. The Williamson work, *English Eccentrics*, is based on Edith Sitwell's book, and is at the City Temple Theatre



Above and centre left: In *Curlew River* a madwoman (sung by Peter Pears) goes in search of her son, and in the course of her journey discovers he is dead. Neil Howlett plays a ferryman and Bryan Drake a fellow traveller. Top and bottom: Malcolm Williamson's opera wittily illustrates some English eccentric characters from Edith Sitwell's book. John Fryatt holds the Empire of Health banner, and Raymond Nilsson pushes on the coach of cats. John Fryatt also features in the episode of *Romeo Cotes*

GOING PLACES

Unless it is viewed from a height, and on a particularly blue and shiny day, the Danube is a monochrome of sludgy greens, made greener by the tree-grown hills reflected from its immediate banks. Its romantic apotheosis is Viennese, but in fact this river which flows from the Black Forest to the Black Sea runs only one-eighth of its course through Austria. It crosses or skirts seven states and three capitals (Budapest and Belgrade are the other two), before debouching into the flat deltas of wasteland that borders the Russian plains.

Nevertheless, the most beautiful part of the river is generally acknowledged to be that which runs through the Austrian hills of the Wachau, between Grein and Krems. And the way to see it is, ideally, to

go out by car from Vienna and return there by boat (the upstream trip takes twice the time). There are places worth visiting at which the boat does not stop; yet equally, it is only from the river that one can enjoy the unfolding vistas of pointed hills and sloping meadows, trees and castles and sleepy, stony villages in the right perspective, and at the right pace.

As well as the sleek water buses and the Mississippi-type paddle steamers, long trails of barges flying the flags of Russia and Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania ply its waters. The Danube is not romantic in the Strauss sense of the word, but in the historic one. The Romans settled it initially, and then the Ottoman Turks sailed up river from the Black Sea ports in their varied at-



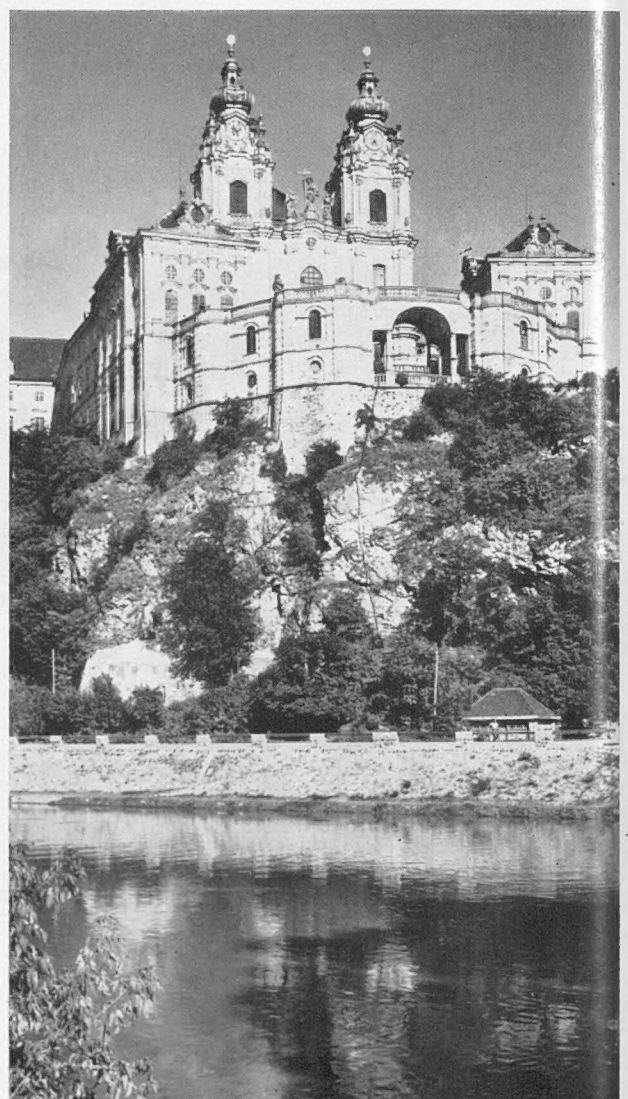
ABROAD

tempts on the Austrian Empire. The Wachau means, literally, "the woods of the watch on the river," and dates from the time when Charlemagne's militia were posted at strategic points on the hills, to watch for and guard against the Infidel. Nearly all the towns were walled in defence, and isolated fortresses still stand like rugged eye-teeth against the skyline.

Catholic missionaries sailed down from Linz and Passau to convert each hamlet, many of whose churches date from the

10th century, and later the Reformationists set out on their own missions of contradiction. Today, there is little more to these Danube towns than the wet and weedy smell of the river; the sound of bells; the flavour of new white wines, the summer shade of horse-chestnut trees and the unexpected sumptuousness of baroque palaces and churches in the context of neat, pale-washed houses. The original traders' signs, framed in wrought iron, swing slowly outside the shops of the *hauptstrasse*. Temporarily at least, they are back in history's limbo.

The Romans built their first Danube bridge at Krems, a wine-growing village about 50 miles from Vienna, and the starting point of the interesting country. Within the city



From the Danube can be seen the baroque churches and palaces of seven states including the Stiftskirche at Durnstein (left) and Melk's, Benedictinerstift (above)

gates, practically nothing is later than 17th century (and if it is, it has been built or restored in context). Even the fire station is accommodated in part of a massive, deconsecrated church. Among the old coaching houses which punctuate the stone-flagged streets is a restaurant owned by the great-great-grandson of Count Metternich. The Wine Museum is housed in a Dominican monastery, and it contains a unique collection of presses, baskets, tuns, barrels and bottles as well as some *heurigen* signs which vary from plaited leaves to catherine-wheels made of straw. A rather astonishing goat, carved from wood and garlanded with flowers and fruit, dates from pre-Christian times when a goat was the symbol of the wine harvest.

Richard Coeur de Lion was imprisoned at Dürnstein, one of the prettiest towns on the river, following a violent quarrel with his ally, the Duke of Austria, in the faraway fields of Palestine. In those days of devoted chivalry his troubadour, Blondel, roamed the Danube villages in search of his master and, by singing his familiar songs, attracted Richard's attention and discovered whereabouts in the castle: (no opera?) The legend has given its name to a charming coaching house whose terrace overlooks the water. Some bedrooms, a cosy restaurant, tankful of live trout and white wine by the tankard make this one of the most pleasant staging points on the river. Visit the church, whose restoration after the war was largely subscribed from local funds; it is one of the most beautiful in Austria—simple, early baroque, decorated entirely in white and gold. At the base of its tower is a circular terrace whose fat stone cherubs are a mute and enchanted chorus to a vanished age.

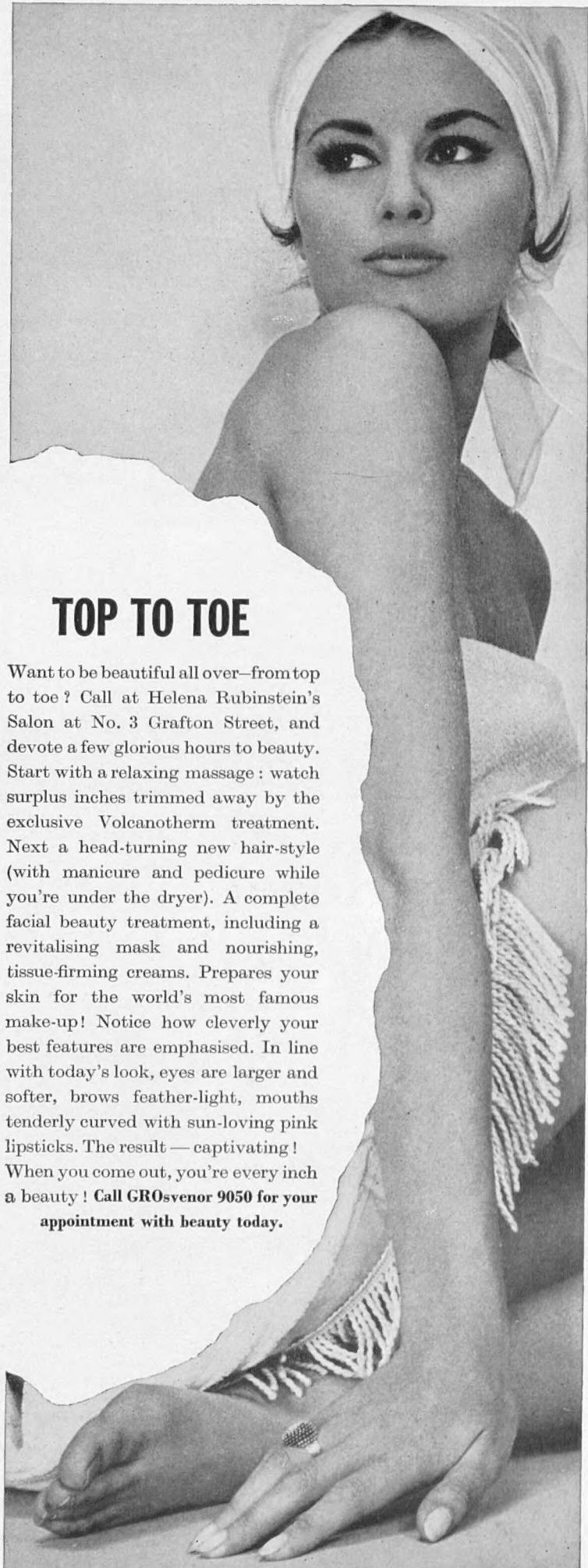
At Weissenkirchen see the charming little fortified church which stands sentinel over a crumbly golden village, whose orchards run down to the water's edge. And fanciers of one of history's more ironic shrines should make the brief detour to Artstetten, in whose castle grounds lie the assassinated Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, Sophie von Hohenburg. Their morganatic marriage precluded their burial in Vienna with the rest of the Habsburgs, and neither sentiment nor tragedy persuaded the Emperor Franz Josef to relent his dynastic principles.

Melk, across the ferry from Artstetten, is absolutely Wagnerian. It was the legendary Medelike of the Nibelungen, and its setting was indeed appropriate to both poet and musician. From the water, the Abbey towers above like the prow of a huge ship. It was given to the Benedictines at the end of the 11th century by Leopold of Babenburg, whose dynasty was the forerunner of the Habsburgs. The complex of buildings is massive, romantic and baroque—in every sense of the word, especially from its Olympian vantage point of balustraded terraces, high over the river. The frescoes in the church, ornate in full flower, are likeable according to taste, but hardly less than impressive. For the rest, Melk is a pretty, domestic little town whose housewives wear freshly starched aprons to shop in. Hospitality is no more than an ordinary *gasthof*, but that, after all, is appropriate to its mood.

Considering its natural beauty and its highly romantic history and legend, it is odd that the Austrian Danube has not been more exploited; its shipping is not "laid on" with convenient stops for sightseers as, for example, is the Rhine. One is torn between appreciation at finding one of Europe's byways thus unsullied, and frustration at working out awkward train and boat timetables, rising to panic when they do not tally, and the boat seems to be leaving at a different time and place from what it says in print. Without a car, you can make a day trip from Vienna to Grein, out by train and back by boat. Or by train you can go as far upstream as Linz, returning on a steam with sleeping berths.

An interesting prospect is the downstream trip by hydrofoil from Vienna to Budapest, a Friday to Monday or a Tuesday to Friday, with two nights in Budapest, hotels, all meals and sightseeing at an inclusive cost of about £14. This is a Hungarian enterprise, and you should check with Ibbuz in Vienna on details, pre-armed with a visa. Going the whole way, Russian boats make the 13-day return trip Vienna/Yalta, on the Black Sea, Class A cabins costing US \$220, or about £80.

BEA's Comet day flights to Vienna are four times a week, take just two hours and cost £53 12s. return. Night flights by Viscount, £37 7s., and self-drive cars can be arranged through the airline.



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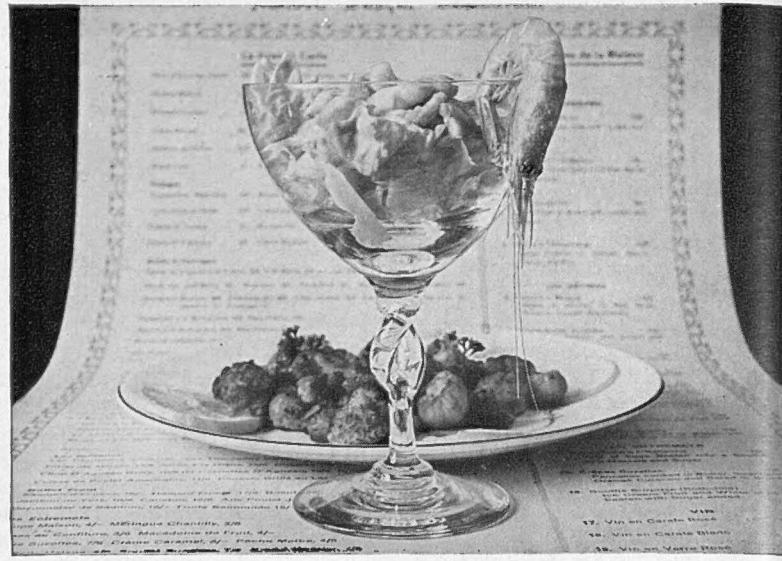
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MIDSUMMER BIRTHDAY BANQUET

Four hundred guests representing the theatre, publishing and politics attended a Midsummer Night's Dinner at Hampton Court Palace to celebrate the high water mark of the Shakespeare Quatercentenary. Strolling through the buildings to the great Banqueting Hall are Mr. Walter Stern, Mr. Alexander Marland, Miss Pinky Marland, the Hon. Michael Wills, Judith Lady Dulverton, the Hon. Sarah Wills, Mrs. Alexander Marland and Mr. Paul Marland. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf. A few days earlier the Palace had been the scene of a new *Son et Lumière* first night. See Romano Cagnoni's graphic coverage of the event on pages 62 and 63



MIDSUMMER BIRTHDAY BANQUET

CONTINUED

1 Lady Bruntisfield with Lord and Lady Iliffe walk among the buildings of the Palace before the banquet

2 Dame Marie Rambert and Mrs. Louisa Bromwich arrive at Hampton Court

3 Lord and Lady Mancroft with Lady Cobbold before the banquet, the first to be held at the palace in over 200 years

4 Mrs. Antony Norman and the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo

5 Receiving the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Weybright (*left*) and Sir Fordham and Lady Flower. Mr. Weybright is an American publisher who has put 15 Shakespeare plays into paperbacks in this country. He replied to the toast "Shakespeare, then and now" proposed by Mr. Peter Hall, co-director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Sir Fordham is Chairman of the Shakespeare Trust

6 Architect Sir Basil Spence and Lady Spence received with other guests in the tapestry-hung Great Hall

7 Sir John Gielgud (*right*) was in a theatrical party that included Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson





A GUEST A YEAR FOR SHAKESPEARE

BY BARBARA VEREKER

Four hundred people went to the Midsummer Night's dinner at Hampton Court Palace, first to be held there for more than 200 years. They presented a kaleidoscopic picture in which past and present mingled: the distinguished-looking head of the EARL OF SANDWICH glimpsed momentarily against a background of 16th-century tapestries; the imposing figure of DAME EDITH EVANS coming full-sail down a corridor. It was a picture completed by background music and flowers arranged by Miss SONIA HOBBS who does the flowers for many of the Downing Street parties. Outside the palace, warm in the evening sunlight, stood the familiar figure of Mr. NUBAR GULBENKIAN who came in that notable, wicker-encased, motor-car, of taxi-like manoeuvrability, of which he once said airily "They tell me it can turn on a sixpence —whatever that may be."

Since the dinner was held to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth—and since the tickets were 10 guineas each—the arts and the aristocracy had provided a high proportion of the guests. These included the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; SIR JOHN GIELGUD; PRINCE YURKA GALITZINE; Mr. PETER HALL; LORD & LADY MANCROFT; Mr. TERENCE RATTIGAN; LORD & LADY BRUNTISFIELD; the EARL & COUNTESS OF GUILFORD; PRINCE & PRINCESS STANISLAV RADZIWILL; SIR RALPH & LADY RICHARDSON; SIR DONALD & LADY WOLFIT; DAME MARIE RAMBERT and SIR BASIL & LADY SPENCE. The hosts were SIR FORDHAM FLOWER, chairman of the governors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre company, and Mr. VICTOR WEYBRIGHT, chairman of the American Library, which publishes Shakespeare in paperback.

TRAVELLING SHAKESPEARE

The Banquet was one of innumerable Shakespeare celebrations for SIR FORDHAM & LADY FLOWER. On the Thursday before the dinner they had been at Windsor Castle to see the Shakespeare company perform *The Comedy of Errors* in the Waterloo Chamber for THE QUEEN and her Ascot guests. In the next five days they had visited Stratford, Connecticut, for a performance of *Hamlet*, flown on to stay with GENERAL SIR MICHAEL & LADY WEST in Washington where there were various celebrations arranged by the American Shakespeare Anniversary Council, and attended a reception given by PRESIDENT & Mrs. JOHNSON at the White House where

excerpts from Shakespeare were performed. They flew home a few hours before the Hampton Court dinner and there was a nasty moment when the prospect of fog diverting the plane to Hamburg made it seem likely that the midsummer guests would find themselves minus a host.

In spite of an itinerary which might daunt the most dedicated devotee of the Bard Lady Flower insists that she enjoys all the celebrations "though of course the best way of honouring Shakespeare is to perform his plays."

The ancient Palace kitchens could not be used, because of fire risk, so much of the dinner had to be cooked in the corridors, but unexpected help came from OLAVE LADY BADEN-POWELL, a resident in the Palace who was at the dinner and who offered the use of her kitchen. Others at the dinner were LORD & LADY COBBOLD; LORD & LADY GLADWYN; BARON & BARONESS EUGENE DE ROTHSCHILD; the BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK; SIR HENRY & LADY D'AVIGDOR-GOLDSMID; LADY OGILVY; SIR ERIC & LADY CARPENTER; JUDITH LADY DULVERTON; Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES; SIR DENYS & the HON. LADY LOWSON; Mr. PAUL GETTY and VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS DEVONPORT.

BEHIND SCHEDULE

Quite a number of people were behind schedule on a recent evening because they had stayed longer than they had meant to at the party given by Mrs. CLAUD PROBY for her daughter JOANNA, and Mrs. PETER PROBY for her daughter SARAH, at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square. It was an all-ages party and one of those who was enjoying it as much as anyone was SIR RICHARD PROBY, BT., grandfather of first cousins JOANNA and SARAH, who was there with LADY PROBY. Another grandparent present was Mrs. PEARCE, mother of Mrs. CLAUD PROBY, who was keeping cool on a hot evening by wielding a black lace fan. "It was a sensible fashion and I hope it will catch on again."

Among the younger guests were Miss CAROLINE BONSOR, who is doing the season this year and hopes to get a job in America "or anywhere abroad" later, and Miss ANNE MOTT-RADCLYFFE daughter of M.P. SIR CHARLES MOTT-RADCLYFFE who will also be looking for a job when the season is over, "but not in the House of Commons. I know too much about the hours they have to work there." Most of the guests seemed to have Irish connections and certainly only an Anglo-Irish gathering would produce a gentleman who did not mind being written about but would prefer you to write about his horse. The horse in question was the classically-bred ADDITION who, it was insisted, would have won the open race at the Grafton point-to-point if it had not fallen when in the lead at the second-to-last fence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

HAMPTON ET LUMIERE



Spanning the years between 1514 and 1546 the new Son et Lumière at Hampton Court depicts the Palace's part in history as a backdrop to the life of Henry VIII. The voices of John Nevill Dorothy Tutin and Michael Hordern will be heard as the King, Anne Boleyn and Thomas Wolsey, Architect of the Palace. The performance is pre-recorded on tape Christopher Ede's production continues



until 26 September
The script is by
John Mortimer

At the first-night reception Lady Hoare whose Thalidomide Appeal will benefit from the show, talks to composer John Hotchkis (*left*). Other first-night guests included Lady Baden-Powell (*far left*), who has an apartment in the Palace, and the Rev. Prebendary W. G. Cameron.

Mr. Christopher Ede (*right*), former organ builder and pioneer of *Son et Lumière* in this country, is producer of the Hampton Court production, the elaborate lighting for which is controlled by fully automatic equipment created by Mr. Charles Passmore (*far right*)



The ball at Exeter College, Oxford, lasted till dawn, appropriately enough since it commemorated the 650th anniversary of the founding of the College. Members and their friends danced to the accompaniment of five bands purveying everything from straight dance music to the Mersey Beat

1 Rhodes scholar Mr. Denis Stairs and Mrs. Stairs sample the barbecued pig. Mr. Stairs is reading Politics, Philosophy and Economics at the College

2 Mr. Nicholas J. Fitzgerald, President of the Ball Committee, with Miss Anne-Marie Masraff

3 Miss Jean Harding dances with Mr. Richard O'Rorke, a member of the Ball Committee

4 Miss Jay Williams and Mr. Ian Capps, who recently left Exeter College

5 Miss Mary Bailey, a secretarial student at Marlborough College, with Mr. Julian Walter, who is reading Classics at Exeter and was a member of the Ball Committee

6 Lady Catherine Pakenham, youngest daughter of the Earl of Longford, and Mr. Adam Hogg, a student at Exeter

7 Lady Elizabeth Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, dances with Mr. Ian Douglas-Hamilton

THE LONG, LONG DANCE



2



3



4





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

The gentleman who was riding it and praising it was Mr. NIGEL BARING. It turned out that he was not Irish though his grandfather had been an M.F.H. in Ireland. Others at the party were LADY ROMAYNE BRASSEY and Miss ROWENA BRASSEY; the Hon. Mrs. LOWRY-CORRY; Miss ELIZABETH PLUNKET; Miss DEIRDRE GUINNESS; Miss CARA PROBY and Mr. & Mrs. WILLIAM VANE.

WIMBLEDON HATS

It seems likely that more people go to Wimbledon to watch the tennis than ever go to Ascot to watch the horses, but even so there are always the ladies in anti-social cartwheel hats obscuring the view for six rows back and the others who seem to spend much of their time scrutinizing the royal box through opera glasses. The first week produced plenty of celebrities for them.

Those who joined PRINCESS MARINA in the royal box during the week included LADY CHURCHILL; SIR HAROLD CACCIA; SIR ALAN HERBERT and DR. BEECHING. Ambassadors were there in force and the politicians present included Mr. HENRY BROOKE; Mr. EDWARD HEATH; Mr. ERNEST MARPLES and Mr. HAROLD WILSON. Also in the royal box were SIR NORMAN & DAME MABEL BROOKS. Eighty-seven-year-old Sir Norman, was world champion in 1907 and again in 1914. He was President of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association for 29 years but has retired now. He and Dame Mabel fly over to Wimbledon from their home in Australia every other year. What does this Grand Old Man of tennis think of this year's tournament? "I think it is a very special year. Australia has two top players, EMERSON and MARGARET SMITH. They are both playing very well and should win."

MODS & ROCKERS, 1930

The night after the Commem ball at Merton, a reception was held to mark the 700th anniversary of the college. SIR FRANK BOWDEN, there with LADY BOWDEN, recalled an early movie made by an outfit called Merton Motion Pictures which produced an epic entitled *This Oxford?* in 1930. "I can't remember why we had the question mark but I know it was very subtle and satirical." In those pre-Mod and Rocker days the fights were between "aesthetes" and "hearties." Sir Frank remembered that Mr. PHILIP SOLLEY played the chief aesthete, Mr. ROGER PEACOCK was the leader of the hearties. These two leading men were both present at the reception. Mr. Solley is now a headmaster, Mr. Peacock is a leading chemist with I.C.I.

Others at the reception given by the Warden Mrs. HARRISON, were SIR GEORGE MALLABY; SIR BASIL BLACKWELL; Mr. REGINALD MAUDLING; Mr. HUGH TREVOR-ROPER; SIR BURKE TREND; Mr. PETER TAPSELL; Mr. HERBERT WRIGHT, and Mr. RAY MAINWARING.

A SHARED REGATTA



The combined regatta of the Royal Albert Yacht Club and the Royal Naval Sailing Association was held at Southsea. The Redwing Club event was cancelled, but racing continued in the under 17 classes

1 Rear-Admiral J. L. Blackham, Branch Captain of the Royal Naval Sailing Association

2 Major C. Penney, Rear-Commodore and Hon. Sailing Secretary of the Royal Albert Yacht Club

3 Captain F. R. G. Holmes, Secretary of the Royal Albert, on the roof of the club's signal station

4 Commander W. H. Graves prepares to pull the starting gun toggle. Behind, others wait to break the race signal flags as the gun fires

5 Mr. A. J. H. du Boulay and Mr. G. R. Delaforce

6 Major-General R. D. Houghton, who commands the Portsmouth Division, Royal Marines, with his daughter, 3rd Officer Lucy Houghton, who is in the W.R.N.S.

7 *Braganza* (1885), an entry from H.M.S. *Excellent*, leads *Jouster* (2116), owned by Messrs. J. A. W. Bush and H. B. Walford. They competed in the under-27-foot rating



PARTY THAT FLEW BY

Conventional parking problems were no worry to guests at a garden party held at Dunsborough Park, Ripley, Surrey, for members of the Royal Aeronautical Society's Rotorcraft section. Guests took helicopter trips at £2 each during the afternoon to raise funds for the Beatron Cancer Fund

1 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesdon were hosts at the party, which was held on the lawn of their home. Mr. Hughesdon is an aircraft insurance underwriter

2 Test pilot Neville Duke and his wife, Mr. Duke is now flying for the Dowty Group. With them Mr. C. T. Hosegood, another test pilot, who flew the South Western Electricity Board's helicopter to the rally

3 Mr. Frederick Gough, M.P. for Horsham and chairman of the Royal Aero Club, with Mrs. D. M. Rigby

4 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gardner examine the winch of a Service helicopter. He is President of the Royal Aeronautical Society and the British Aircraft Corporation's technical director at Weybridge in charge of building the TSR 2

5 Lady Douglas of Kirtleside shows her daughter the Hon. Katharine Douglas (*right*) and her friend Valentina Quinn one of the helicopters

6 Arriving guests are watched by Lady Salmon, wife of the High Court judge, Mrs. Clifford Sabey and Lady Bowater, widow of Sir Eric Bowater



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Last year visitors to the Royal Highland Show at Inglinton, near Edinburgh, ploughed around ankle deep in mud. But this year the show simmered in the sunshine and there was little need for the extra permanent roadways which have been built during the year, though they made a welcome relief from the hazard to high heels presented by duckboards. The show president, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, visited on two days.

There was a garden party atmosphere among the visitors—with many more large hats and flimsy dresses than usual, but a more informal picnic atmosphere kept breaking through as people sat around on the grass to cool themselves in the heat.

A FULL PROGRAMME

The Queen Mother had a full programme, visiting many of the stands and also presenting the Queen's Cup for heavy horses and *The Scotsman* trophy for the Young Farmers' international beef cattle judging contest. It seemed appropriate that she herself should be a winner with two firsts in the North Country Cheviot sheep class. When she visited the Highland Home Industries stand there was an especially affectionate greeting for the Countess of Dalhousie, one of the directors of the company. The Queen Mother bought a hand-woven floor rug made in Skye.

Another important winner was the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Michael Noble, who won his first Royal Highland Championship in 15 years of exhibiting. The champion, a Highland bull called Ardkinglas Torquil, was bred on Mr. Noble's estate of Ardkinglas. Both the supreme and reserve champion Highlanders were entered by the Earl of Mansfield, but an English herd, belonging to Sir Harold Samuel, the London financier, carried off the top award in the Aberdeen-Angus section.

A SECOND VISIT

The Queen Mother's second day at the show was particularly busy because she first visited the Scottish National Institution for War Blinded Training Centre and Workshops at Linburn, Midlothian. She was received by the President of the Institution, the Duke of Buccleuch, and presented with gifts for one of her Scottish homes. The gifts, designed and made at Linburn, were two modern versions of the traditional Orkney chair, and one of the traditional cast iron garden table. The men who presented the gifts, both blinded Servicemen who formerly served in the Highland Light Infantry, were Mr. John Gray of Glasgow, who made all the canework of the gifts, and Mr. James Bryceland of Rutherglen, who was responsible for the metalwork.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

This was Royal Week in Scotland, for the Queen and Prince Philip were at Bannockburn where, 650 years ago, was fought the battle which all Scots remember and which the English tend to forget. At the Borestone, where King Robert the Bruce raised his standard, the Queen unveiled a massive statue in his memory. The 27-foot statue is the work of sculptor Mr. C. d'O Pilkington Jackson.

Many of Scotland's leading personalities were there to greet the Queen, including Viscount Younger of Leckie, Lord Lieutenant of

Stirlingshire, the Lord High Constable of Scotland (the Countess of Erroll), the Hereditary Standard Bearer (the Earl of Dundee), the Lord Lyon King of Arms (Sir Thomas Innes of Learney), the Earl of Wemyss & March, Chairman of the National Trust, and the Earl of Elgin, head of the Bruce family.

TIRELESS WORKER

The recent appointment of her husband, Sir John Stirling of Fairburn, as Lord Lieutenant for Ross & Cromarty could not mean much more work for Lady Stirling. She already seems to be either a chairman or a member of innumerable committees and boards in the county. "But I'm afraid it may mean more bazaars to open," she admitted ruefully.

Sir John handed over the estate of Fairburn to his only son last year on the occasion of his marriage (there are three daughters, also married) but Lady Stirling still retains a link with the land by running a market garden. "We send all our daffodils to Covent Garden," she told me proudly. At the moment she is turning her attention to strawberries and later there will be chrysanthemums. When they are not at Fairburn, which lies midway between Muir of Ord and Strathpeffer, Sir John and Lady Stirling are likely to be away at their Highland retreat, Pait, at the end of Loch Monar.

"It's the remotest inhabited house in Britain," Lady Stirling told me. Actually there's not much of it left now—only a lodge at one end and a stalker's house at the other. The rest has been swallowed up by the Hydro Board to make a new dam. "The lodge is seven miles by boat from the road end. It's quite delightful. There is no telephone and no regular post and no one can get at us," said Lady Stirling happily. One of their chief recreations at Pait is stalking. "Old great-granny likes to stalk," says Lady Stirling, for it is one of her proudest boasts that she is not only a grandmother (11 times over) but also a great-grandmother.

Sir John replaces General Sir Richard Nugent O'Connor who has been Lord Lieutenant for the past eight years.



The Queen and Prince Philip leave Nigg Pier for Cromarty on the last stage of their Highland tour



HUGH and Margaret Williams have this totally disarming habit of finishing sentences for you; and not always with the word you had planned.

I started to ask: "Aren't your plays . . . ?"
"Old-fashioned?" he murmured.

I started to ask: "Have you any ambitions to write a . . . ?"

"Serious play?" she suggested.

"I wasn't going to say that," I said.

"Well, I wanted to get it in first anyway."

Defence mechanism at work, or straightforward candour?

We were sitting in Mr. Williams' dressing room at the St. Martin's Theatre just before the final, late-night rehearsal of *Past Imperfect*. Hugh Williams was 60 in March this year; in his new play he is a 58-year-old millionaire; off-stage he looks slightly younger but the image is the same as that presented through his long career—slightly diffident, elegant and handsome. Rather than be uneasy about opening in the West End during a season which has seen a number of notable closures in the previous weeks, Mr. Williams found himself wryly amused by being able to look out of his dressing room window and see on the neighbouring theatre: "Now in its 12th year . . ." referring to a play the name of which escapes me for the moment.

"Of course it would be wonderful for us if our play ran that long, but I doubt if I could stand such a long run," he commented.

In the context of the modern dramas currently being produced in the West End, the plays of Mr. and Mrs. Williams may seem to require a defensive gesture. With ritual murder at the Aldwych, post-Freudian interpretation of Ibsen at the National Theatre and, the kinkiest numbers turning up at the prettiest playhouses, the french-window type of play, elegantly decorated and bristling with jokes about Eton and Harrods, may seem to occupy a slightly anachronistic position.

The Williamses firmly believe, however, that there is an audience for such plays. "We were once told by an American actress that the ideal formula for a play was to begin with a group of perfectly happy people, to let a small cloud—just a tiny one—drift across the second act, and end with everyone happy again. We feel that people are getting really fed up with plays that do not have a satisfactory ending, but just stop without any particular reason."

Mrs. Williams was particularly pleased by the reaction of her teenage children to an old film they were watching on television: "This film had a beginning, a middle and an end and they loved it. Plays should have an ending—not necessarily one where everyone is happy, but one where all the ends are tied up."

This pair of playwrights has every



IN THEIR OWN WRITE



Hugh and Margaret Williams, whose sixth play is currently running at the St. Martin's Theatre, talk to J. ROGER BAKER. Photographs by IAIN STEWART MACMILLAN. The play is reviewed on page 86

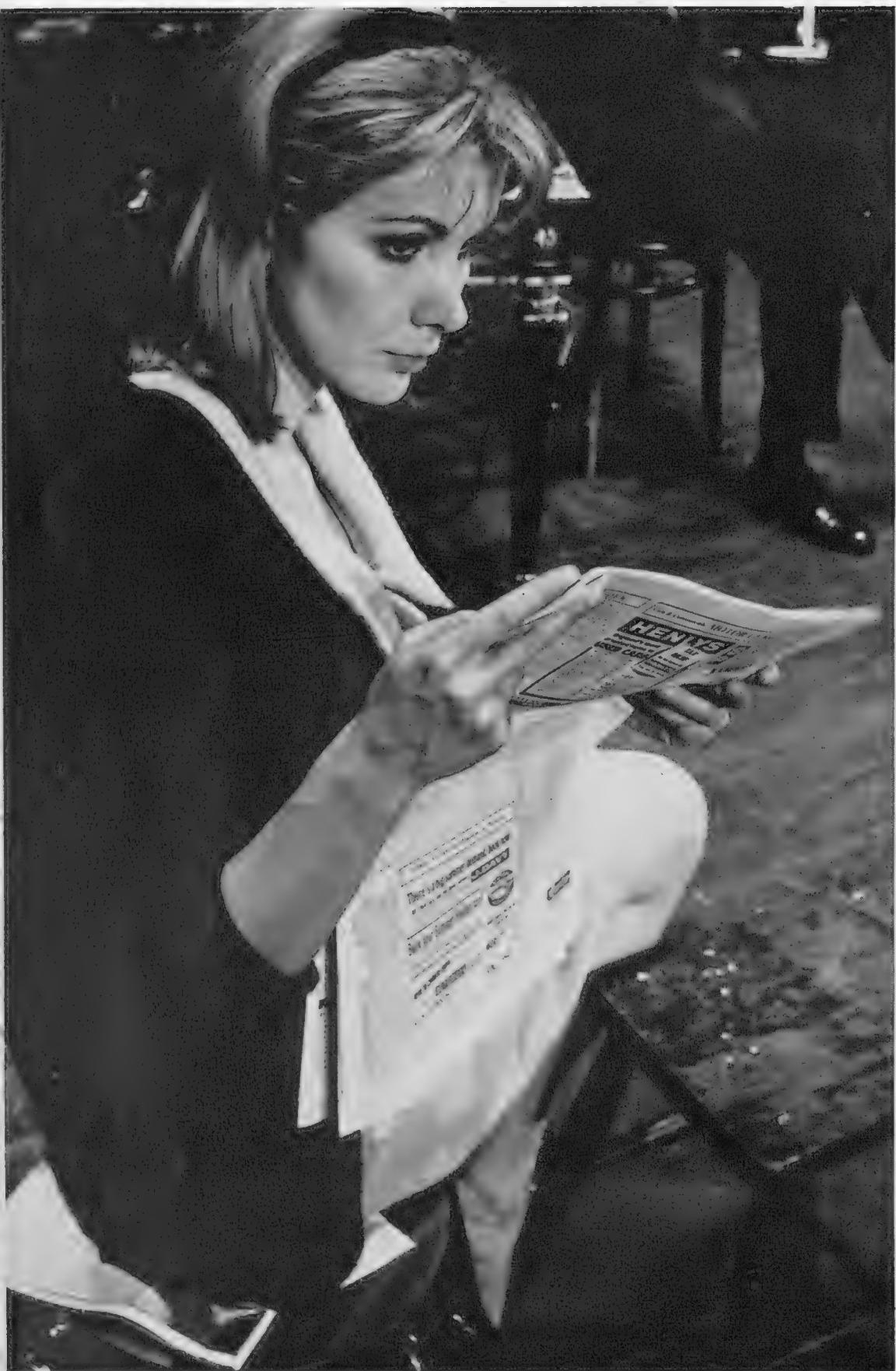
justification for their attitude: of the five plays on which they collaborated before the present one, three have been tremendous box-office successes: *The Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat*, *The Grass is Greener* and *The Irregular Verb to Love*. Another *The Happy Man*—incidentally their own favourite—was a prestige success; and the remaining play, called *Double Yolk*, was no hit, but continues to be performed by amateur and repertory companies.

"The state of the theatre at the moment is ghastly," said Mr. Williams. "If you'd asked me a year ago, I would have said then that it was terrific. There are various reasons. The cost of putting on a play gets higher each time you try to do it, yet the price of seats has not risen along with everything else. Once a stall cost 10s. 6d. and a bottle of whisky 3s. 6d. Now a stall costs 24s. and we know how much whisky is. Also there is a real shortage of good actors—it is no longer an overcrowded profession. The National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company have taken the cream, so that casting a new play is tremendously difficult."

The problem of choosing a leading man barely concerns Mr. Williams, as he plays it himself. "It is a great advantage to write a part for oneself, as I know my own limitations, though sometimes I get a surprise. In this play, for example, I didn't realize until the dress rehearsal that I'd given myself two extremely quick changes. There I am puffing away in the wings for 30 seconds changing, and when I come on again no one notices, or realizes what a difficult thing it is to do."

But being an actor-playwright does raise other problems. "Having the author in the play means that other actors are always asking for their lines to be altered on the spot, if for example they find something difficult to say. Sometimes I feel like a little needlewoman being asked to take a tuck in here and there. Naturally I am sympathetic to these requests as I can usually tell when the actor really does have a problem with his script and when he's just being awkward. It is also interesting to watch one's own play change shape when the director starts working on it, and then again more re-writing is done during rehearsals."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams began to write their plays when he had not been in a show for almost a year. "Actually we worked it out that we would be saving money even if the plays we were working on were never produced—they keep us at home, keep us entertained and busy." How they set about writing a play together was clearly difficult for them to explain. "It begins with lots of discussion and a general exchange of ideas. Some get thrown out—." "Usually mine," Mrs. Williams muttered drily, "and eventually something emerges." She is the one that types it all out,



though admitting she never learned to touch-type.

Mrs. Williams was an actress herself ("It was no great loss to the theatre when I retired"), so together their knowledge of stage techniques and problems is a considerable asset. "One thing we never do is to write an unrewarding part as we know how awful it is for an actor to be landed with something like that. In *Past Imperfect* there is a small but important character who comes in at the end of the first act

and we have tried to make the part interesting to play."

The interview came to an end as Mr. Williams prepared for the 10.45 p.m. dress rehearsal and Mrs. Williams dashed for a train. They live at Haywards Heath and during the run of a play he commutes by train, refusing to bring a car into London. "I don't think we've been very interesting," Mrs. Williams said gloomily as we left. I felt otherwise: candour, decisive views and a civilised approach are always interesting.



Nigel Patrick directed *Past Imperfect*, combining, as he tends to these days, the complementary theatrical occupations of directing and acting. While preparing the new play, he was appearing in *The Schoolmistress* —hence the Dundrearies—and some rehearsals were scheduled for as late as 10.45 in the evening. Left and top: the two styles of Susan Hampshire, the only woman in the play. During rehearsal the youthful image, star of musical films, is to the fore. In the play she assumes Hartnell dresses, and with them a mature sophistication

SECRET GARDENS

By Elizabeth Williamson

Photographs by John Timbers

The Secret Garden is a vanishing trick. Only a bird could spot the one a minute away from Piccadilly Circus. Not even an A-Z of London plots the English country garden hidden behind a Wellington Square; you'd have to work at Tory headquarters in mid-Westminster to know the Lord & Lady Parker of Waddington have a patio garden with a spiral staircase just next door. And not even a Ordnance Survey map of the Sloane Square area could tell you that one of the prettiest gardens-with-no-flowers sleeps behind a Cadogan Street house.

Vine House in Romney Street hides Lord and Lady Parker's perfect small garden. In it they have installed a white, wrought-iron spiral staircase leading to a roof garden. Below, all is neat and easy to run. A dry wall at one end holds the summer's blazing display of geranium and company. A white marble bust and huge white ceramic Spanish lions stand guard on the flagstone ground; across one wall trail honeysuckle, wisteria, clematis and vine. And when the Tory workers have gone home, nobody can peep into the secret garden. The little girl wears a bright pink cotton pinny over a dress printed with tiny flowers from Liberty.





Behind a house in Cadogan Street (right) lies easily the most secret garden in London (see cover). There grow every kind of foliage and specimen trees—all in a space no bigger than a small room (17 by 11 feet). There are more than 200 different plants with shrubs like the hybrid hydrangeas *Sargentiana* and *Villosa*. Climbers with a difference include the shady *Vitis Henryana*.

High above Golden Square (left) nests the roof garden of M. & Mme. Xavier Dormeuil. On a summer night, the cascading white roses, peach tree, clematis and blazing pelargoniums put a splash of inviting green on a London

skyline. There is a window-walled room with chintz armchairs and a huge pot of giant summer-sky hydrangeas, that leads onto the garden (below). The Dormeuils like to give parties here—see last week's TATLER.



and *Vitis Purpurea* with its early purple flowers. There, too, thrive the pretty brown flowers of *Akebia Quinata* and the mauve and white of wistaria, while five kinds of clematis and seven of ivy fight for prominence. Good evergreen architectural foliage is furnished by *Aralia Chinensis* and the giant *Yucca Gloriosa Variegata*. But the great thing about this tiny garden is its

outstanding construction—foliage and plants seem to fall from every level making a cool and green space away from London. Above the garden is a corridor of vines making a passage to a piece of statuary. Contributing atmospherics are a slow fountain that releases water drop by drop into a pool, old Persian tiles glimpsed through foliage, and pretty bits of stonework.

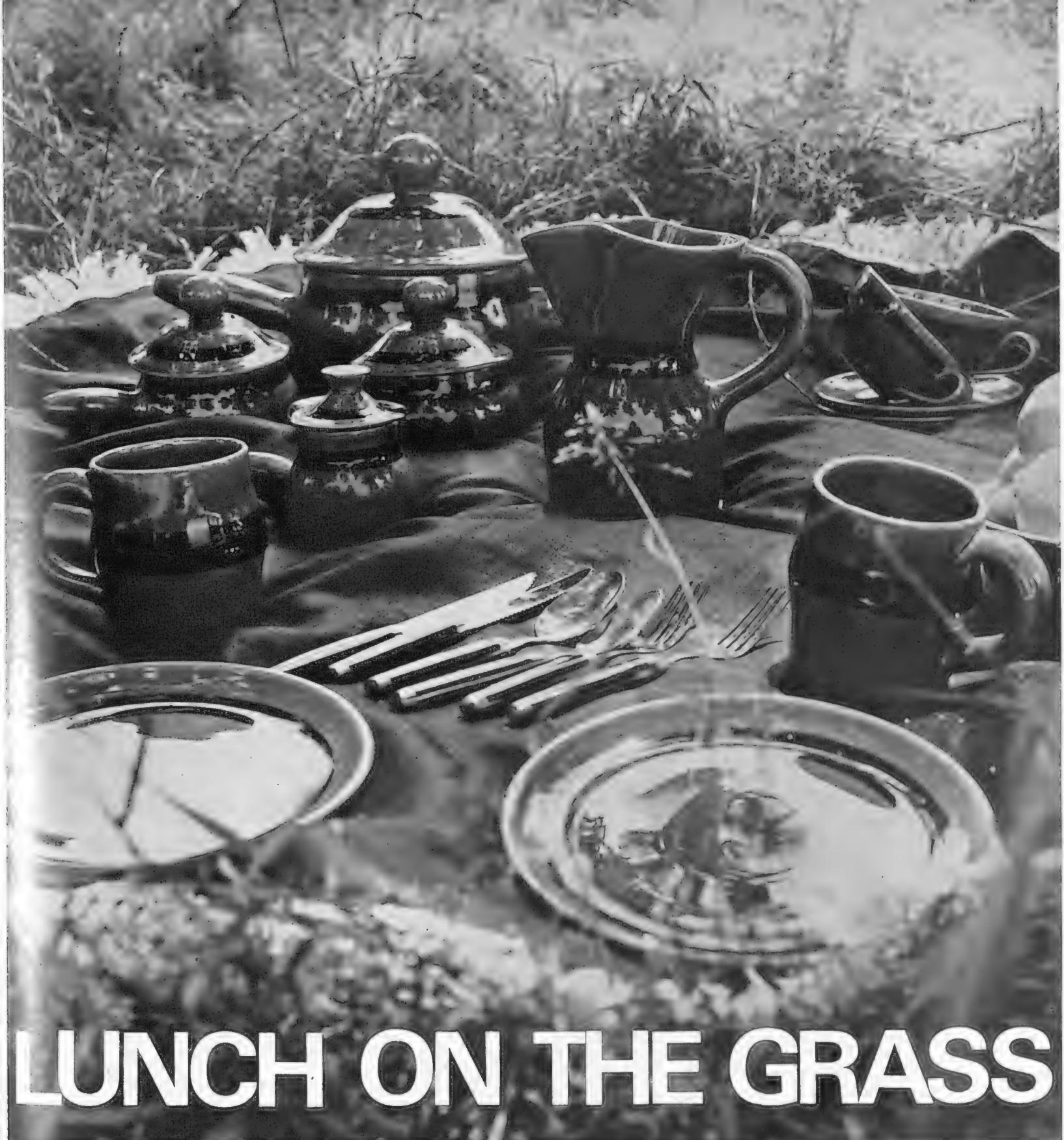




Park House in Onslow Square has the most beguiling country garden in London. Mr. & Mrs. Lanning Roper have made two hard tennis courts into a space of sprawling languor. Old roses drip from trees, damask ramblers and rich herbaceous beds



look as if they had been there for a century. In fact, this garden has taken 25 years to perfect. Most decorative corner is a pond planted like a Rousseau painting. Park House is open to the public each year on dates in June



LUNCH ON THE GRASS

SANDRA LOUSSADA

Dream of lunch on the grass in a secret garden. Under a shadowy tree a cloth is spread; ■ tough linen union ones at Robinson & Cleaver are circular in dark handsome colours like purple, black or brown, fringed with white: 45s. 6d., 54 inches wide. Out of a friendly brown hamper (wicker ones at John Lewis) come lots of shiny treacle pottery banded in brown. ■ Called Longchamps and made in France: plates, 8s. 6d.; covered mustard pot, £1 0s. 3d.; covered soup bowls, 36s. 9d.; casserole, £2 4s. 6d.; ice jug, 2 gns.; beer mugs, 14s. 9d.; cups and saucers, 9s.; and shallow fruit bowl, £1 7s. 6d. All at Vasa, Cadogan Place. ■ Food is packed in Tupperware containers (not shown) with airproof lids. There are small bowls in this range just big enough for individual salads (27s. for a set of six). Tupperware is sold through agents; apply to them at 43 Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1 (Mayfair 7861), for a catalogue and name of your nearest distributor. ■ Cutlery is stainless black-handled and bound in brass: 15s. for a place setting at Liberty, in whose home ideas department are portable barbecues for taking on picnics. ■ Timothy Whites & Taylors (118 Kings Road, S.W.3) sell stout whitewood tables, fold up chairs pretty painted white or a knockabout colour like blackcurrant: table, 11s. 9d.; chair, 18s. 6d. COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



Second baby is on the way and the seemingly insurmountable problems of what to wear and still look pretty are much less of a perplexity now — after all, you went through all this with baby number one. But what makes it even easier is that the newest shapes designed to meet the baby boom are so simple and natural that they hardly look like maternity clothes at all.

JANE BARNES
pic
the clothes
to
fam
ad
BA
Y LATEGAN
too

the clothes
to
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too

Left: Periwinkle blue wild silk evening dress has a romantic ruffle-edged bodice above its Empire waistline, a skirt with just the right degree of fullness.

25 gns. from Elegance Maternelle, who will alter it to fit your back-to-normal figure later on — a service which they find is much in demand now that maternity clothes are far too pretty to discard

Opposite page: white and black are skilfully balanced here to focus attention on a pretty face and gloss over the extra inches below. In Moygashel fabric, the dress is by Brimell, £3 17s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols

2nd ADDITION





Left: clover pink wool dress starts off deceptively slim and expands to keep pace with its wearer, by mean of a series of side seams that are progressively cut away. 9 gns. from Motherhood. *Opposite page:* a delightfully practical pinafore-topped dress in navy and white checked cotton, which can be dressed up with its little broderie anglaise gilet (not shown), or could be worn over a long-sleeved shirt. £5 19s. 6d. By Du Barry, 68 Duke Street; Crib & Craft, Salisbury. Miniature corn-flower blue cotton dress with a single long-stemmed daisy embroidered on the front. £1 15s. at Pollyanna



This dress, in strawberry pink linen-weave scattered with flowery colours, is proving irresistible to non-expectant shoppers, too. Its loosely-slotted belt, low-pointed collar and looped buttonholes put it high on this summer's fashion list, £9 19s. 6d. from Just Jane, 93 Baker Street, who run a speedy and efficient postal service, too. More pastel flowers make the five-year-old's cotton apron, worn over a blue poplin dress with long sleeves. £4 10s. from Grade One. *Opposite page:* crisp, rose-pink cotton makes a young and pretty dress with flounces of broderie anglaise on the elbow-length sleeves; it is unexpectedly roomy under its cleverly shaped shallow bodice. 7 gns. by Maternally Yours, 26 New Cavendish Street, who will deal helpfully with all maternal problems presented to them either by post or in person. Big pink and red flowers crowd over her daughter's cotton dress, £2 19s. 6d. from Grade One.



Sweet-pea shaded dress in truly drip-dry cotton is made with enough fullness to avoid any restriction, has a belt to tie high or low, or forget about. By Wahls of Sweden, 6½ gns. at Motherhood, 22 Baker Street, who also run a postal service, and a couture service for personal shoppers. The two-year-old cyclist's dress is in yellow printed cotton, £2 11s. 6d. from Grade One, 1 Launceston Place
Opposite page:
 Girls who are happiest in trousers can keep right on wearing them. Try these, in black stretch Helanca with an elasticized waist. The cool, pin-neat overblouse in black and white daisy-printed cotton has small pleats all round the hem. Trousers, 5 gns.; overblouse, by Swan cf Italy, 7 gns. from Elegance Maternelle at 199 Sloane Street and 5 Thayer Street. (They also encourage you to shop by post, and can deliver within ten days.) The little girl's blue denim playsuit has a pink and white frill around the tiny top. £1 10s. 11d. at Pollyanna, 35 Thayer Street





on plays

John Salt / The Earl and the secret war

The London theatre is a jolly and a friendly place filled with kind hearts and gentle people. Such at least would be the impression gained from even the most casual association with the audience gathered at the charming St Martin's for the first night of **Past Imperfect**, latest offering from the husband and wife playwriting team of Hugh and Margaret Williams. But the past by definition is always imperfect; there are things we would all like to go back and do over again, even things we would have preferred never to have done at all. And the more recent the memory the sharper the pang. Surely few seated in that auditorium, cheered though they might be by the pianoforte renditions of Miss Hero de Rance in the orchestra pit, could altogether forget that the past fortnight on the West End stage had brought little but grief. The notices were up for Brecht's *Saint Joan of the Stockyards* at the Queen's Theatre despite all

the efforts of Miss Siobhan McKenna, Mr. Lionel Stander and Mr. Michael Medwin to keep the fire burning under that weird broth of social significance and political naïvety. The final curtain was heralded too for *The Golden Rivet* at the Phoenix, Mr. Laurence Dobie and Mr. Robert Sloman's spirited but basically uneasy excursion into the fringe world of telly tycoonery. The writing, if not actually on the wall, had certainly been in the papers, and omens were in the air.

And yet, and yet, all doubts seemed to dissolve when the curtains rose on Mr. Williams' play and on Mr. Williams himself as the Earl of Flint preparing to be interviewed on television at his town house. Mr. Williams is endlessly reassuring and always in command of the situation. Soon he had his interrogator nettled and then downright angry. It is a thing one always likes to see because these television chaps are always much too ready to

monopolize the conversation. In a corner by the camera, poised and decorative but with not much else to do at this stage beyond appearing to take notes, stands the Earl's secretary, Miss Susan Hampshire. She is only a temporary on holiday relief in the job but by the second act she will be the Earl's Countess and the catalyst of what appears at first sight to be a drama.

But before any of this can happen, the Earl, to the patient horror of his interlocutor, the admirable Mr. Graham Armitage, has established himself as an uncompromising opponent of Communist infiltration and agent provocateur tactics in the companies which he controls. The Earl has an apt and highly original solution. He will close the companies down and let everybody sort it out for themselves, Communists and workers; turn them into capitalists in effect while he himself remains as a salaried head of production. Well now; there's a gambit for Shaw, for Ibsen, even for Brecht but hardly one would have thought for Mr. Williams. Happily the point, once made, is swiftly abandoned though one supposes that the companies were

closed down none the less.

The second half of the first act is easily the best in the play. It is a seduction scene played with finesse by Mr. Williams and with a certain balanced adequacy by Miss Hampshire. Since it ends in marriage one might as well forget the seduction aspect and call it a courtship, rather touchingly done. But after that the plot thickens to a consistency that may well cause it to stick to the dish. The Countess it appears is in reality a Soviet agent—code name Lily. Her past is sufficiently tragic. Stranded penniless on a foreign shore, she leaves her passport in a restaurant as earnest of her intention to return and pay for the meal she has eaten there. But the only way to raise the money is to sell herself, which she does in a taxi for what seems the bargain price of fourteen shillings. Her passport remains impounded by the Police State and she becomes the unwilling tool of alien powers.

Her mission in marrying the Earl—this much rather surprisingly is concealed from her at first—is to undermine his virile powers and so to cause his early demise before he can

on films

Elspeth Grant / An O'Neill masterpiece

It has taken the distributors a good two years to pluck up the courage to let **Long Day's Journey into Night** loose upon us. Strange. They will without a moment's hesitation show us any trivial, unblushingly vulgar comedy that happens along, but when it comes to a tragedy, superlatively well written and acted with the utmost distinction, they lose their nerve and hedge like mad. It will not, they tell themselves, take a bean at the box office. They are, of course, assuming that the cinemagoing public's taste is no better than their own, and I sincerely hope you will disillusion them by flocking in your millions to Mr. Sidney Lumet's beautifully directed film.

Based on an autobiographical play by the late Mr. Eugene O'Neill (written, he said, "in blood and tears"), the drama is set in a bleak Victorian barn of a house in New England, the cheerless home of an Irish-American family, all four members of which seem bent upon tearing themselves and one another to pieces.

The father (Sir Ralph Richardson) could once have been a great Shakespearian actor, but threw the chance away and is now sorrowfully, though grimly, hanging on to the easy money he made in inferior plays. The two sons (Messrs. Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell) despise him for his miserliness and blame him for the fact that their mother (Miss Katharine Hepburn) is a drug addict. Had he sent her to a decent doctor instead of a cheap quack when her younger son (Mr. Stockwell) was born, she would never have been given the morphine to which she has become a slave.

The news that the younger son has consumption grieves his father and enrages his brother, who is convinced that, grief-stricken or not, his father will send the boy to a state-supported institution—and damns him for his meanness. The three men get drunk and quarrel: the woman drifts about, wraithlike, raptly remembering, through a haze of drugs, her girlhood at a con-

vent, her desire to become a nun, her meeting with the handsome actor whom she married, and the happiness that too soon fled.

The gloom, I admit, is insipid, but the acting is magnificent. Miss Hepburn, her hair dishevelled, her beauty in ruins, her mind bemused, is positively heartrending; one can scarcely look upon her without weeping. Sir Ralph, though seemingly the villain of the piece, compels one's pity, too. So movingly does he speak the splendid passage mourning his squandered opportunities that one feels the greatness he failed to achieve might indeed have been his.

Mr. Stockwell is wonderfully sensitive as the young dreamer, crushed by sickness and torn between love and hate for those around him, and though the reasons for the older brother's degeneration into a drunken lecher are never quite clear (I should perhaps say that the play has been drastically abridged for the screen), Mr. Robards makes the character marvellously real. Even the tiny part of the little Irish servant girl who tippling merrily with her tragic mistress is impeccably played, by Miss Jeanne Barr. You will never see finer acting anywhere, so don't miss this film, whatever

else you may have on hand.

A single showing of **Those Were the Days**, kindly arranged by the National Film Theatre, demonstrated that British comedies in the early 1930s were streets ahead of most of those we are turning out now. This film version of Pinero's play, *The Magistrate*, is absolutely first rate, such rattling good fun that I wish it could be revived for general release. Its sense of style and period (early Edwardian) is remarkable, the oldtime music hall scenes are full of rollicking vitality; the dialogue has a sparkle undimmed by the passage of time, and under Mr. Thomas Bentley's brisk and knowing direction, there is literally never a dull moment.

I had forgotten how endearingly droll an actor the late Mr. Will Hay could be. Here he is as Mr. Posket, the kindly magistrate, a dear old muddler imposing fines and paying them himself. Miss Iris Hoey is divine as his elegant wife who lied about her age when she married him and must now keep up the pretence that her son by her first marriage is a mere schoolboy though in fact he's 21. Mr. John Mills is pert and perky as the son who knows his way around town and lures Mr. Posket into sharing a disas-

do further harm to international Communism. This, as her Iron Curtain mentor points out, will constitute the perfect crime since no blame can be attached to anyone for a death from natural causes. The Earl is 58, twice divorced and once widowed, and he does have a coronary attack. The mission is plainly on the point of accomplishment but of course we are all aware by now that the human factor has entered with a will. The Countess loves her Earl and so far from wishing him dead is prepared to work her Hartnell dresses to their essential threads in the effort to nurse him back to health.

But her past is imperfect and she realizes that the only thing to do is to take off for Mexico City with her unborn child. What is the Earl doing all this long time? Well between learning to operate a most elegant wheelchair under the tuition of his butler, the pawky Mr. Ewan Roberts, he is listening to a playback of a conversation between a sinister Embassy official and the Countess in which all is made plain, including Miss Smith's undying devotion to her spouse. Obviously all must now end happily if it does. The Flints depart

by air for Barbados because the Earl has no private house in Mexico City and in any case draws the line at having his heir born there, since he cannot stomach the idea of the boy reporting for enrolment at Eton wearing earrings and funny hat. There are a good many lines like that and everybody laughed.

Also involved in the St. Martin's frolic are Mr. Nicholas Phipps as the most urban of Harley Street physicians and Mr. Robert Crewdson as the Iron Curtain diplomat. The direction is by Mr. Nigel Patrick, which is to say that the direction is good. Everybody works very hard and none of it is meant to be taken seriously. Or is it? Did Mr. Williams really lift those clouds of foreboding which I mentioned earlier? Did he even mean to? And finally are Mr. Williams and his wife planning now a work of even deeper social significance to be produced at the Royal Court, the Aldwych or the National Theatre? Of the current play it can be said that there is malaise, that there are longueurs, an aching confusion of interest and an obstinate suspension of belief. It can also be asked, does it entertain? Oh yes, it does that all right!



PHOTOGRAPH JOHN BROWN

Harold Lang, actor, director, teacher, brings his off-beat group Voyage Theatre to the Festival of the City of London. They are giving three performances (first tonight) of Macbeth in Camera, initially improvised by Lang and his three associates in the group, subsequently formed into what they call "a sophisticated, adult entertainment." It is not a potted version of Macbeth, but a battle of wits between two actors and their director who are rehearsing Shakespeare's play, and a visiting director who disagrees with their interpretation. Under the mantle of the British Council, the company has already appeared all over the world



The Tyrone family in the film of Eugene O'Neill's Long Day's Journey Into Night: Jason Robards, Jnr., Dean Stockwell, Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson

is night out at the music hall, and there are delicious performances from Miss Angela Lansbury as a naughty coquette and Messrs. Claude Allister and George Graves as, respectively, a thinless captain and a fruity crewel. The film was made in 1951. Those, one feels nostalgic, really were the days.

The title, *Secrets of the Nazi Criminals*, has to my mind a catchpenny ringabout, a hint, made stronger by the "X" Certificate it carries, that new and startling revelations are to be made regarding the private lives of Nazi high-ups. Actually this Swedish documentary, only covers ground we have been over before—the growth of Nazism, the horrors of the concentration camps, and the trials at Nuremberg. I do not think there is any material in it with which I am not already painfully familiar, except perhaps the gruesome shots of a public hanging and some hideous ones of the corpses of Nazis executed as a result of the trials, and these I could have done without.

I am all for a reminder of Nazi iniquities, but a probe into the present activities of Nazis who survived and now hold high positions in Germany would be more interesting and timely.



How to look the part, as demonstrated by Imogen Hassall walking her dogs in the almost ritual gear of the C.N.D. demonstrator she plays in The Reluctant Peer at the Duchess Theatre. She is the daughter of the late Christopher Hassall, whose definitive study of Rupert Brooke was published last month. William Douglas-Home's play has a cast change this month, when Dame Sybil Thorndike will be replaced by Athene Seyler

on books

Oliver Warner / History without tears

The story of the Duke of Wellington is worth retelling, particularly as we seem to be re-living, in every accessible medium, the two World Wars of the present century, and finding so many parallels with the era of Napoleon. Leonard Cooper, in **The Age of Wellington** (Macmillan 35s.), disclaims writing a "straight" biography of the great man, which has been done often enough and brilliantly at least once by Philip Guedalla. Instead, he relates Wellington's career to the background of his time, and it is halfway through the narrative before Wellington has settled down to his long, difficult and skilled campaigning in Spain and Portugal.

The author writes persuasively, and in spite of too many repetitions, he has the facts well in hand. He lets the story rip, which is as it should be. Personally, I enjoyed his neat little cameos, of the Duchess for instance, and was reassured to find the right emphasis almost everywhere. History without tears is as good a description as I can muster: tears, that is, for the reader. There are plenty in the events, so many of them needlessly bloody, though never by direct fault of the Duke who, though he called his army "scum," valued it for what it was—a collection of lives, only lived once.

The Fiend by Margaret Millar (Gollancz 16s.) is described, wrongly I think, as a "thriller." In fact it is a study of a psychopath who, after appropriate treatment many years earlier than the story, is living a useful life with his brother. The author paints with skill and accuracy the characters not only of the young man himself, but of those who surround him and who promote and resolve a new crisis in his life. Such sympathy and care are shown towards even the least likeable characters, that understanding is promoted and judgment forestalled. The only "thriller" element I can trace is the gripping pace of the writing.

Pace also characterizes **Up the Monkeys**, a first novel by Trevor Bostock (Methuen 18s.) which is about a Yorkshire mining community called Hiction and a family called Camber. There is Big Dougie (23), Jack (21), Ernie (20) and Young Jim

(17) and the highlight, for one reader at least, is Big Doug's resounding courtship. The Cambers, as the blurb rightly says, are a rough lot by any standards, and certainly the way they use four and five letter words leads me to the inevitable warning that this is not a refined or an inhibited tale. But those who savour Yorkshire types, and I most certainly do, and who are pleased at vigorous promise, will probably stomach these very deliberate lapses for the sake of healthy fun.

There is nothing quite so roystering as Hiction in **David of Jerusalem** by Louis de Wohl (Gollancz 21s.) though the story opens with the hero killing a lion in a way which might have appealed to the Cambers. Once again there is speed of narrative to show that the events so majestically and succinctly told of Good King David in the King James Bible can still be modernized to make a pretty breathless tale. One wonders how much is true, but not, I hasten to add, until after the book is closed.

Briefly...The Virgin Mistr by Elizabeth Mavor (Chatto & Windus 25s.) is the story of the bigamous Duchess of Kingston who in the 18th century married first Captain Hervey, a rakish sea-officer who later became Earl of Bristol, and then the Duke of Kingston. The first marriage was secret, the second belated. The climax of an extraordinary career was a sensational trial, and a life abroad, where the Countess-Duchess continued her extravagant ways to the last... How different is David Shepard's **Parson's Pitch** (Hodder & Stoughton 18s.) in which the Warden of the Mayflower Settlement in Canning Town tells a little about his social and religious work, and much more about his career as a cricketer. His sketch of Ted Dexter, the current English captain, is very vivid, and rings true.

Have you ever heard of a drug which staves off old age? H.3 was new to me until I read Olga Franklin's account of the work of Professor Anna Aslan, a Rumanian who—if photographs don't lie—can even make hair grow on baldies. **H.3** (Arthur Baker 21s.) contains hope for the aged, and as the author even gives the formula there will be some lively experi-

menting this side the Iron Curtain . . . **Last Days in Tahiti** by George Farwell (Gollancz 25s.) tells of a recent visit to Tahiti by an author who knew it in better days.

Tourism, or so he finds, is doing almost everything to ruin this isle of bliss. Tahiti was "discovered" by a Cornishman called Samuel Wallis in the 18th century, and even within

the next few years, salts were complaining that the spot wasn't quite what it was . . . **The Shell Book of Roads**, text by Geoffrey Grigson (Ebury Press 10s. 6d.) suggests

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Jazz at the crossroads

When Gill Evans teamed up with Miles Davis to make that memorable album of excerpts from the Gershwin score, *Porgy and Bess*, he broke new ground in terms of jazz orchestration. But by no means all his subsequent efforts with Davis have been so rewarding, at least to the listener. **Sketches of Spain** (CBS) attempts a great deal, especially in its marriage of the Spanish formal and folk idioms to the great trumpet voice which Miles can produce so effectively. Yet I am left with a feeling that this music has gone away from jazz, however cool you can take it. The scoring is brilliant in its way, and the soloist exemplary throughout, but the end product falls far short of my conception of jazz. Perhaps one should reconcile oneself by

saying that only a jazzman could put the ultimate depth of feeling into the solo horn line in *Saeta* and *Solea*.

The other great trumpet exponent in contemporary jazz, Dizzy Gillespie, gets much closer to the bone in his enthralling session, **Dizzy Gillespie & The Double Six of Paris** (Philips). Some readers may have seen the Double Six, a vocal group of amazing versatility, in a recent television appearance. The concept is that the vocal group, aided by dubbing in some instances, provide the big band sounds of Dizzy's old arrangements, while he and a rhythm group fill in the rest. Anyone who thinks he can decipher the tongue-twisting lyrics used by the Double Six can dismiss the idea at once—because they're

all in French, bop-style!

Some time ago I failed to report an important meeting which took place in the recording studio. It happened just a year ago, when **The Roland Kirk Quartet meets the Benny Golson Orchestra** (Mercury), was recorded. Kirk, who can blow up to three instruments simultaneously, and hangs more than this number round his neck until he looks like an overloaded Christmas tree, is a swinging player at the best of times, but it is his remarkable freedom in the sense of improvisation that impresses me most. The great variety of sound and mood makes this an album of considerable importance, relative to jazz both past and present. Had his *Abstract Improvisations* been played by three men, they would have represented something important; as they all come from one mouth and head simultaneously, they take the whole field of jazz a stage further.

Any Number Can Win is

the intriguing title of Jimmy Smith's latest album (Verve). His dexterity at the Hammond organ is well set off by the big band accompaniment, and demonstrates the skill with which he can match almost any sound they produce. To say that he has established the electronic organ as a voice in jazz would be a masterly understatement. He has perfected a new range of sounds in his exploration of this field.

In brief . . . Harry Arnold Guest Book (Columbia) uses his Swedish big band as a backdrop for American soloists such as Coleman Hawkins, Nat Adderley, and Benny Bailey. All the solos are worth hearing, and the themes make easy listening. **Katanga** (Fontana) is a vehicle for saxophonist Curtis Amy and trumpeter Dupree Bolton. This is West Coast jazz with no holds barred, but its expectation of life must be governed by the odd way in which they establish and explore their chords.

on galleries

Robert Wright / Room at the top

Writing here recently, apropos of Celso Lagar, that "the price for exalting one artist, such as Modigliani, may very well be the reputations of several others" I was particularly interested to find critic Denis Sutton echoing this idea apropos of K. X. Roussel, in the catalogue of an exhibition of this artist's work at Wildenstein's. Room at the top is limited in the realm of art appreciation. Of the thousands of art books published in the past two or three decades, an absurdly high proportion are concerned with the same artists—the top tens of Impressionism and Post-Impressionism.

Throughout these books, however, we find repeated references to minor artists who, for most of us, have until recently remained only names. They would have continued as mere names but for the fact that as more and more works by the major Impressionists and Post-Impressionists became permanently incarcerated in public collections the dealers are forced to redis-

cover the minor figures of these movements.

One of the most frequently dropped of these names is K (for Ker) X (for Xavier) Roussel. He is one of those artists whose posthumous fame, at least so far, rests almost entirely upon the company he kept, especially the company of Bonnard and of Vuillard, whose sister he married. With these two he formed the Intimists, a breakaway group from the Nabis who had been inspired by Gauguin.

The earliest of his pictures in the Wildenstein exhibition, which covers the period from 1890 to 1943, are evidently influenced by the symbolism of Odilon Redon. Later come several landscapes that could be by Vuillard. But the majority of the pictures are all his work, distinctively personal interpretations of classical themes painted in thick, rich-coloured unclassical paint. It would be hard to imagine anything more remote than these from the homely interiors of his *intimiste* period and it is unlikely that today,

when the *intimiste* paintings of Vuillard are so highly rated, the neo-classicism of Roussel will find much favour. But it would be a mistake to dismiss them because their subject matter is unfashionable for they have painterly qualities that can be admired long after fashion has changed.

By coincidence an exhibition of paintings by Pierre Roussel, K.X.'s grandson and Vuillard's grand-nephew, is now at Tooth's Gallery, only a hundred yards from Wildenstein's. Naturally one looks here for grandfather's and great-uncle Edouard's influences—and finds them only in debased forms.

Pierre Roussel is one of those artists, of whom there are so many in France, whose aim seems to be simply to produce easily saleable pictures. They are highly skilled manipulators of paint but their vision is at best secondhand. Pierre Roussel's work falls into two main groups, interiors with figures (usually single figures) and landscapes. In the former his compositions are strongly reminiscent of Vuillard, but there any resemblance to the master's work ends. The rooms he takes us into are as neat and bourgeois as a window display at Maple's, and a slightly cloying sweetness pervades the whole scene.

His landscapes are often related colouristically to the settings of K. X. Roussel's classical evocations but they lack grandfather's vigour and feeling for the *matière* of paint. They have considerable charm, but charm is not an enduring quality.

I have only a few lines here in which to draw attention to a new book that deserves many more. **Dürer**, by Michael Levey (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 25s.), has taught me many new things about a great artist whose work has always fascinated me but whose personality had up to now always seemed remote.

Mr. Levey, an Assistant Keeper at the National Gallery, has managed in the space of only a few thousand words (supplemented by many well-chosen illustrations) to make Albrecht Dürer come to life as a dutiful son, a rather vain young man, a reluctant husband and, always, a highly self-conscious artist. Even more, he puts him in perspective so that we see him not as a freak peak in the German Renaissance, but in relation to his great predecessors and contemporaries Michael Pacher, Grünewald, Altdorfer, Michael Wohlgemut and Martin Schongauer.

GOOD LOOKS WHILE YOU'RE WAITING

The only portions of you that can be expected to look good in a pregnancy are hands, head and feet. Even the feet often swell in the later stages, but this can be offset by keeping them in trim initially. Dr. Scholl make a sandal (see sketch) that they warmly recommend. This has a hefty wooden sole, physiologically shaped to make the feet free and easier. Though they feel clumsy to wear at first, the feet are allowed to move naturally. Smartest in black at all Scholl branches, 48s. Pregnancy brings its own lazy outlook and the weekly visit to the hairdresser becomes as difficult to achieve as a weekly visit to a dentist. Apart from actually getting yourself there, the drier raises your already overstoked heating system near to boiling point. No one pregnant should be without an ingenious French device called the Babycurl. This steel electric comb (see picture) coaxes the hair into shape and is invaluable for flicking up the ends or encouraging wispy hair to swing straight. At Woollards: £5 12s. 6d. Part of the fun of being pregnant is the follies everyone thinks quite natural. Apart from things like huge jars of your favourite face cream, there are known comforters like some pretty scented things sold by a shop called Mary Chess in Shepherds Market. A tapestry pillow filled with some delicious scent costs from 28s. 6d. Elizabeth Arden sell masses of pretty things in their boutique in Bond Street. Aside from their products there is a complete range designed to satisfy the most frivolous—Kate Greenaway mob caps, silk eye masks for afternoon naps, delicious bed wraps and every lacy accessory to take to hospital.

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



STEPS TO PROGRESS



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Dudley Noble / Comfort and elegance

MOTORING

There are some cars in which you feel right in any company, and in one such I have just finished a long drive in such complete comfort that both my passengers and I would willingly start all over again. Such praise does not come easily, and I think what endeared us to the Princess 3-litre was its luxurious seating accommodation and furnishing, combined with ultra-smooth, quiet running. I found the controls readily to hand, the steering (power assisted) light and the transmission (Borg-Warner automatic) completely satisfactory either on the open road or in dense traffic.

British Motor Corporation makes the Princess in conjunction with their coachbuilding subsidiary of Vanden Plas; the latter are responsible for the luxury finish inside the spacious body, with deeply upholstered seats of the softest English leather and rich polished walnut to the facia panel, window ledges and folding tables for the rear passengers. There are centre armrests at both front and back, and on the doors. It is difficult to see how so much can be included in a car of its size and performance selling at

£1,347 (auto transmission and power steering extra), for the six-cylinder engine of 2,912 c.c. develops 120 b.h.p. and will drive the car at over 100 m.p.h.

There is also a 4-litre version of the Princess, which is a 7/8-seater and over two feet longer than the 15 ft. 8½ ins. of the 3-litre; this is available either with a limousine or saloon body and costs £2,840; it is B.M.C.'s most expensive model. The Corporation makes a wide range of cars, and at the other end of the price scale comes the Mini-Minor with its famous transverse engine and front wheel drive—twin principles which have fully proved their merit and may be features of new models. My own has now covered 50,000 miles, and I mention it as it raises the question of just when is the optimum time to dispose of one's old car?

My Mini was built in 1961 and mechanically is still in excellent condition, averaging around 40 m.p.g. and giving brisk performance. It has had some troubles; it is now on its third fuel pump. They cost £2 to replace and this involves grovelling under the car's bottom left-hand corner as well as draining the tank.

One improvement I made

was to lower the steering column and move the driver's seat back for comfort, but this was at the expense of the second back passenger's legroom. This was done by fitting special brackets made by Alexander Engineering of Haddenham, Bucks, who charge 15s. for these useful items.

Just after its second birthday (at 40,000 miles) the battery expired, having given yeoman service. A new set of Goodyear G.8 tyres is performing nicely in wet weather.

More recently, the travel-worn finish has undergone a process which enables paint to be sprayed on in a short time and at a reasonable cost. Known as the "Paint-a-Car" system, it was imported from the States by Stirling Moss. Several enterprising garages have already taken it up.

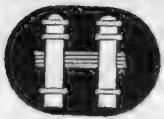
If you take the precaution of booking well ahead, it is possible to drive away at lunchtime even though you only left the car after breakfast. This, however, assumes that there are no dents to be smoothed out, or other body repairs to be done. The preliminary work involved my car being out of commission for two-and-a-half days, which is still a respectably short time.

After attention to these blemishes and the removal of rust spots the existing paintwork was rubbed down, then, with the chrome and glass areas carefully masked off and the last trace of dust removed, the car was wheeled into the spray booth. Here it had three coats of royal blue (a colour I chose for its dignity, but there is a choice of some 100 to select from) and I drove away within the hour.

The paint used is a special acrylic type that dries quickly, and polishing is not required—merely washing with plain water and leathering off. The more often one does this during the first month the better the finish, and as the paint remains slightly flexible it is resistant to chipping. So far the Paint-a-Car respray has given complete satisfaction, and is covered by a three-year guarantee. The cost? 19 guineas for a straight job, plus five guineas if two-tone finish is wanted. Ask Paint-a-Car System, 19 Hans Place, S.W.1., for the address of their local agent.

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Helen Burke / Strawberries and cream

DINING IN

Let us hope for better strawberries this month. Due to rain and subsequent mildew on the fruit, they were not very good in June. But I did make one unusual sweet—STRAWBERRY MERINGUE. This consists of two layers of meringue sandwiched and topped with whipped, sweetened cream and strawberries macerated in sugar and a little kirsch. For the meringue, for four or five servings, you will need four egg whites and 8 oz. of caster sugar.

One of two things can go wrong with the whipping of egg whites. The most common is to allow even the tiniest spot of yolk to get into the whites. This prevents the whites rising into a froth. To avoid this, break each egg into a separator over a cup. If the yolk should break, put the egg aside for some other purpose.

The other thing is to use a bowl and/or whisk not entirely free of grease. To make sure, fill the basin with hot water containing a pinch of soapless detergent, put in the whisk and spoon and anything else which will take part in the operation. Leave for a minute, then rinse well and dry everything.

Brush two sheets of paper (each large enough to take a seven or eight-inch round of meringue) with a tasteless vegetable oil such as corn or peanut. Place them ready on baking sheets.

Whip the egg whites and a pinch of salt until they are firm and hold a sharp peak. Add two tablespoons of sugar and whisk to regain the same firm state. Fold in the remaining sugar as lightly as possible. I use my electric mixer for this job. After the addition of the first sugar, I remove the beaters and fold in the remaining sugar with a metal spoon.

Place half the mixture on each of the sheets of paper and spread with a palette knife into a round seven or eight inches in diameter. Place them in the oven at 200 degrees Fahr. or gas mark ½ and leave them there for two hours. Remove the meringues from the paper and, when cold, store until required.

Add a tablespoon of kirsch to ½ lb. of very slightly sweetened strawberries or rasp-

berries. Whip up to ½ pint of double cream (though less will do) until it holds a soft peak. Mix this into the berries.

Place one round of meringue on a flat serving-dish and spread half the fruit-cream mixture on it. Cover with the other layer and top it with the remaining fruit-cream. This last is better left to just before the meal.

Better, perhaps, are MERINGUE TARTLETS. Simply drop tablespoons of the meringue mixture on to the prepared paper, form each into a little tart shape with the back of the spoon and bake as above. When thoroughly dry and cold, they can be stored in air-tight tins for future use.

Have ready a thickening syrup made by melting red currant jelly in hot water in the proportion of one tablespoon of jelly to one teaspoon of water. Arrange three to four good-sized strawberries in each tartlet, spoon the cold sauce over them and pipe a dot of cream on each.

When I have made mayonnaise, I use the egg whites for meringues or, sometimes, for a batch of MACAROONS. Here is a simple but excellent recipe:

Have ready rice paper on baking sheets.

Mix together 4 oz. of ground almonds, 8 oz. of caster sugar, ½ oz. of ground rice and ½ teaspoon of almond essence or a mixture of almond and vanilla essences. Add two unbeaten egg whites and stir for 10 minutes with a wooden spoon, or use an electric mixer at its slowest rate. If the mixture seems to be a little too stiff, add a few drops of water.

Turn this mixture into a piping bag fitted with a ½-inch plain pipe. Pipe four rows of three macaroons each across the narrow side of the rice paper, giving you 12 macaroons per sheet. Brush each lightly with egg white or even water and place a half-almond (or flaked almond) on each. Instead of the almonds, you can vary the macaroons by using small pieces of glacé cherries and small pieces of angelica. Or, for that matter, you can leave the macaroons quite plain. Bake to a pale gold at 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5.

These macaroons, each broken into 4 pieces, can "stand in" very well for ratafia biscuits.



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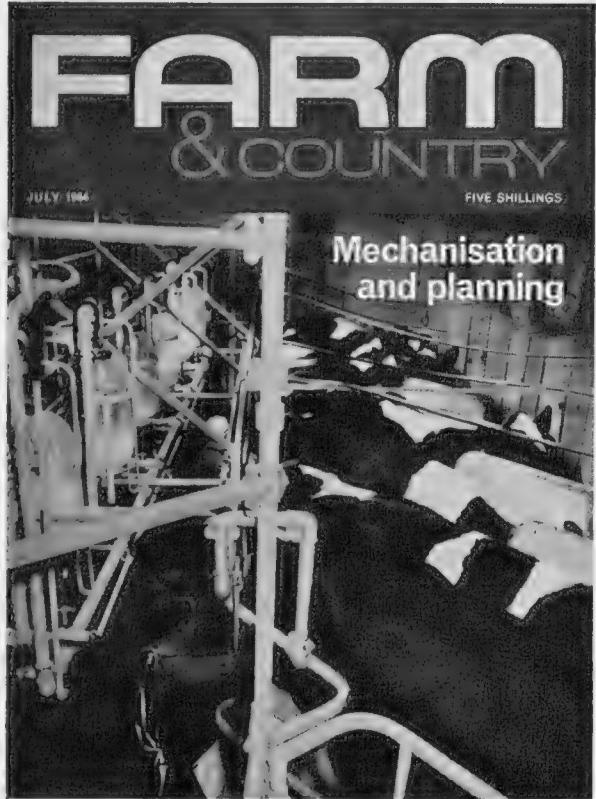
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FOR
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Geoffrey S. Fletcher / July jobs

ROSE GROWING

Apart from the regular inspection of roses (a pleasant task) and keeping them free from various pests (somewhat less pleasing) there are other jobs to be done throughout the growing season if you are to get the best out of your rose garden. Hoeing is one of the most important, not simply to keep down the weeds, though this is necessary, but also to maintain a loose, open texture in the soil, allowing air to penetrate to the roots of the bushes. Three or four inches is the depth needed to work to when hoeing, taking care to avoid damage to the roots.

A new type of hoe, a great improvement on the old, has recently been introduced by the Prestige group as part of their range of stainless steel garden tools. This type cuts out much of the labour in weeding and its new shape of head makes a finely textured soil easier to achieve than by using the conventional hoe. Damage to the roots, which causes suckers to form, is reduced to a minimum. This distinctive cultivator hoe is not cheap, but

nothing employed in the garden is—or should be.

Roses need feeding during the summer, either by a dressing of inorganic fertilizer or an organic manure such as dried blood. Proprietary fertilizers such as Clay's can hardly be bettered for general purposes, and there are many good liquid preparations on the market. It is necessary to be sparing with them all. If the weather continues dry, watering may be necessary. Roses are partial to overhead syringing with water that has been allowed to stand in the sun.

If actual watering is needed, make sure the roses are well and truly soaked—a couple of gallons to each bush or standard, more for rambling and pillar roses, giving specially large amounts to climbing roses on walls. Dainty sprinkling from a watering can only attracts fibrous roots to the surface, there to be dried up. After this soaking, the roses are ready to receive a supply of liquid manure on the following day. Never apply it when the ground is dry.



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ANTIQUES

Many extremely fine Oriental rugs emanate from districts in the Caucasus and, though the patterns originally came from Persia and China, they have achieved an identity of their own as the feelings of the people gradually brought typically local designs into being. These rugs are usually woven from the wool of the mountains and in bright colours with the figures perhaps outlined in black. This use of colour and outline gives a sharp and definite aspect to the Caucasian product and one which is an excellent distinguishing feature.

Some of the earliest rugs were woven with the now famous "Armenian dragon" design, which had a bearing on many later creations, and in which are found dragons, flowering trees and, unlike the Turkish rugs, animals and birds (for the Turk was forbidden by his religious principles to reproduce such living creatures). Other motifs commonly found are those based upon jewels, sunbursts, star-shapes and, in the borders, the latch-hook design, and a pattern based on old Kufic script.

I looked at some specimens of these rugs at the Vigo Art Galleries which, incidentally, had been selected for the 1964 Antique Dealers' Fair, and reproduce here a Karabagh prayer rug 5 ft. 6 ins. x 3 ft. 6 ins.

that is not only very fine but a rare piece, one which incorporates the name of the weaver who seemingly meant there to be no mistaking the date of his masterpiece so, for good measure, wove in the Hegira year. Rugs from this southernmost district have a heavy wool pile and could therefore be confused with those from the Kazak province, but the designs are the guiding feature.

In some cases Karabagh rugs are left almost plain in the centre. Not so this one which has a claret red border containing an abstract motif and a light background with straight lines running up and down to form a design. There are pine-cone motifs in the right and left blue panels, above which is the name and the date.

Of the most readily known Caucasian rugs, the Shirvan is perhaps the most common. Though many have found their way into Europe, an antique one is not frequently seen. I recently saw an antique Shirvan rug dating from the first quarter of the 19th century which had, within a red border of essentially geometric design, a dark blue centre with a large variety of stylized designs woven into it. Shirvans have, in a great number of instances, a definite geometric or linear all-over design which aids the collector when trying to distinguish them from

those made in other places.

Kabistans, thought by some to be the finest of the Caucasian rugs, are in some respects akin to Daghestans and are almost exclusively short-piled carpets, thus gaining a very smooth appearance, and the Kouba Kabistan, which is in my possession, is a wonderfully typical example with the field closely covered with rosettes, arabesques and Kufic birds. This particular one also has a border with the latch-hook in it—a motif which is synonymous with Caucasian rugs, be they from Hila province, Shirvan or Kazak. This border is between narrow yellow guard-borders.

The very emphatic Caucasian designs found on the Saouch-Pulac rugs lead the expert to class them as coming from the Caucasus, though they are probably woven on the borders of Persia.

Such rugs as here described are representative of the craftsmanship of the inhabitants of the Caucasus and nomads who pitch their tents within its provinces, but I would again urge the novice to go to the Victoria & Albert Museum, where a very instructive selection of Oriental rugs is to be found.

A certain school of thought maintains that Persian rugs have a finesse far beyond either those from Turkey or the

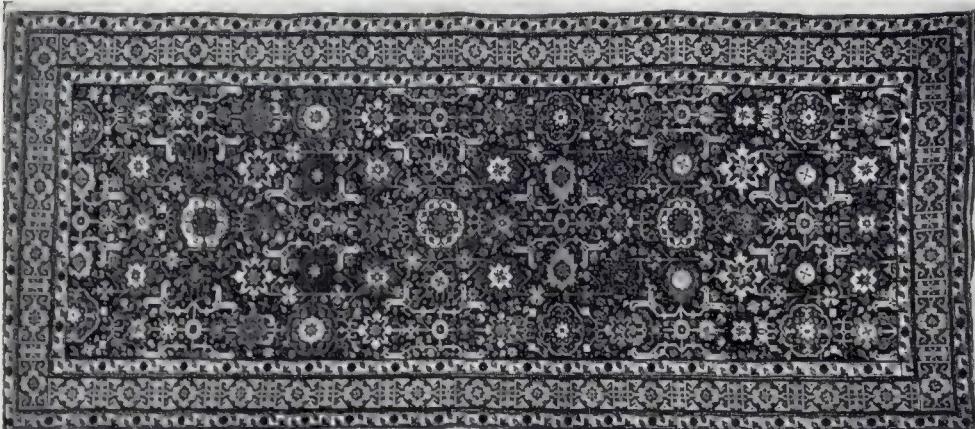
Caucasus but, with all due respect to the experts, I for one fail to agree. However, I intend to consider Persian rugs at a later date and then perhaps you, the reader, will be able to discuss this slightly controversial point of view.

For Your Diary

To collectors of clocks and watches I specially commend the exhibition of these pieces which is being held at the Science Museum, South Kensington, until 9 August. All the exhibits are the property of members of the Antiquarian Horological Society who range from the great collectors of high-priced pieces to the humble beginner.

At Kenwood House "The Adam Style in Furniture" is the subject of this year's Summer Exhibition. It is open to the public from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekdays and 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. on Sundays. Furniture designed by Robert Adam, his contemporaries and immediate successors makes this an outstanding show.

The short-piled Kouba Kabistan rug (left) with its closely covered field contrasts with the brighter Karabagh prayer rug (right) in a design which incorporates the name of the weaver and the date





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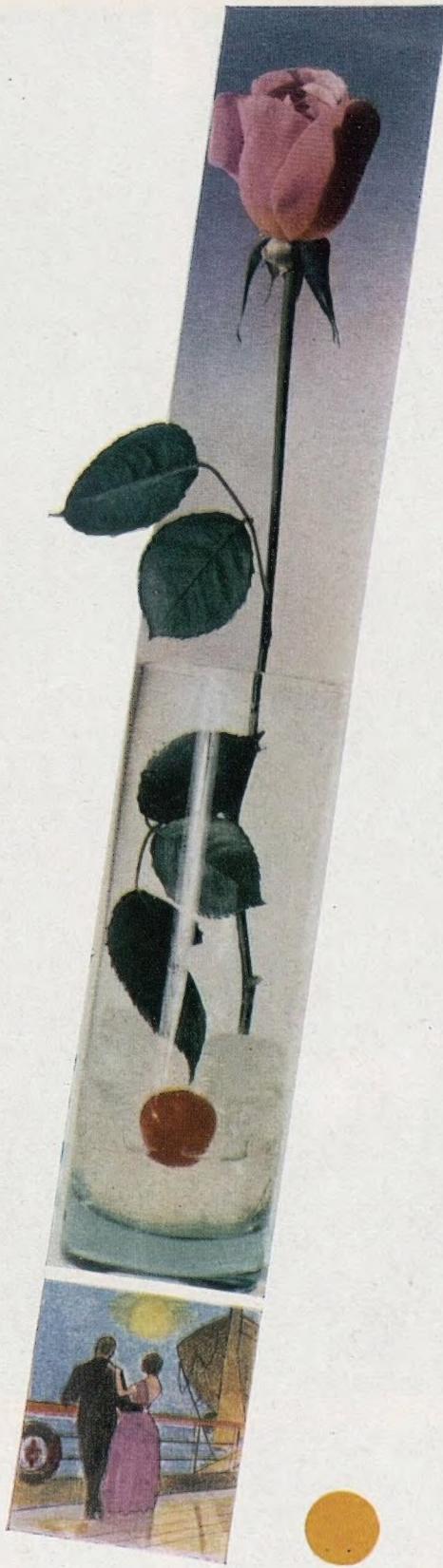
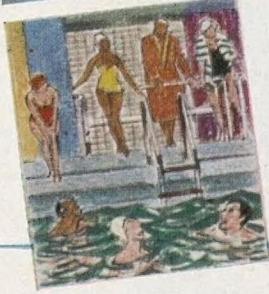
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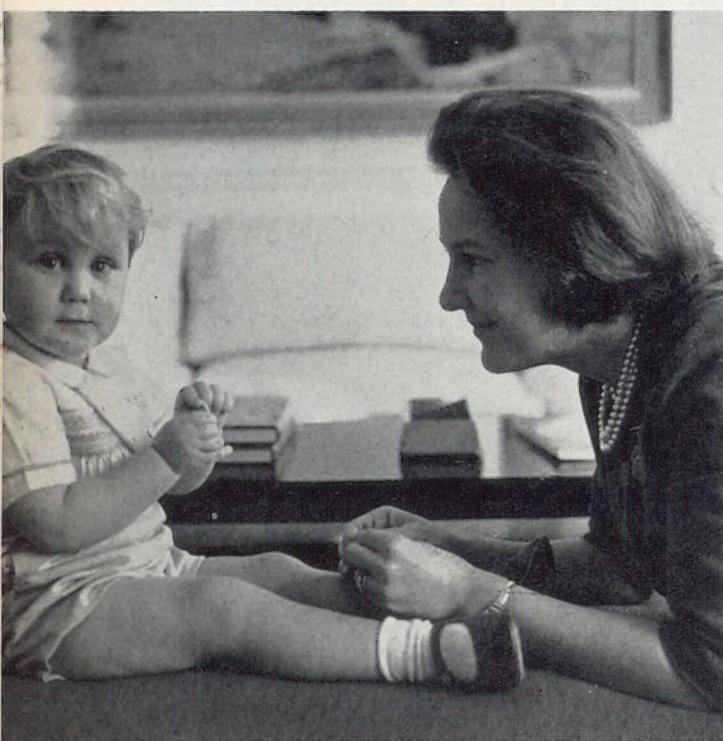
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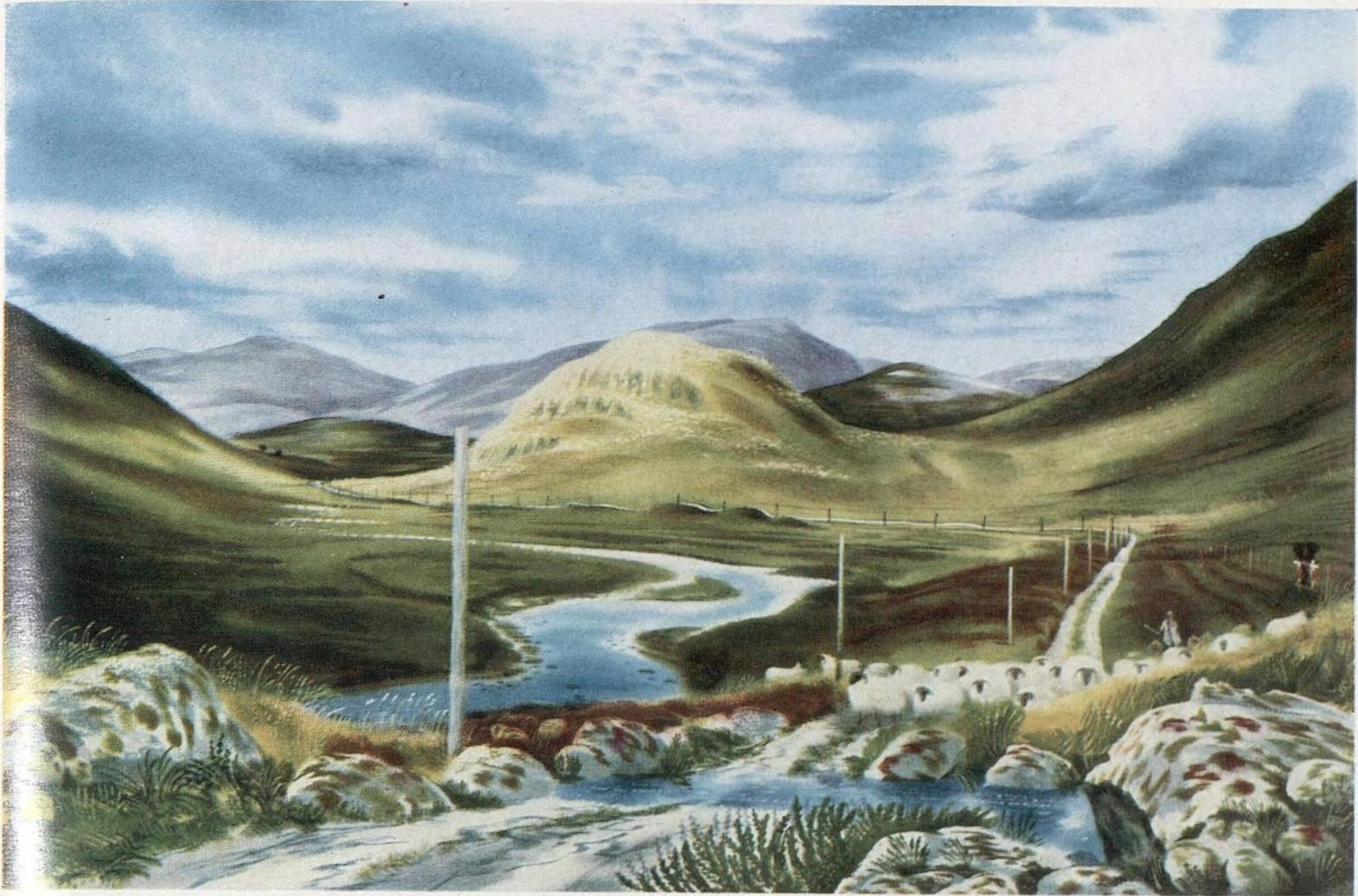
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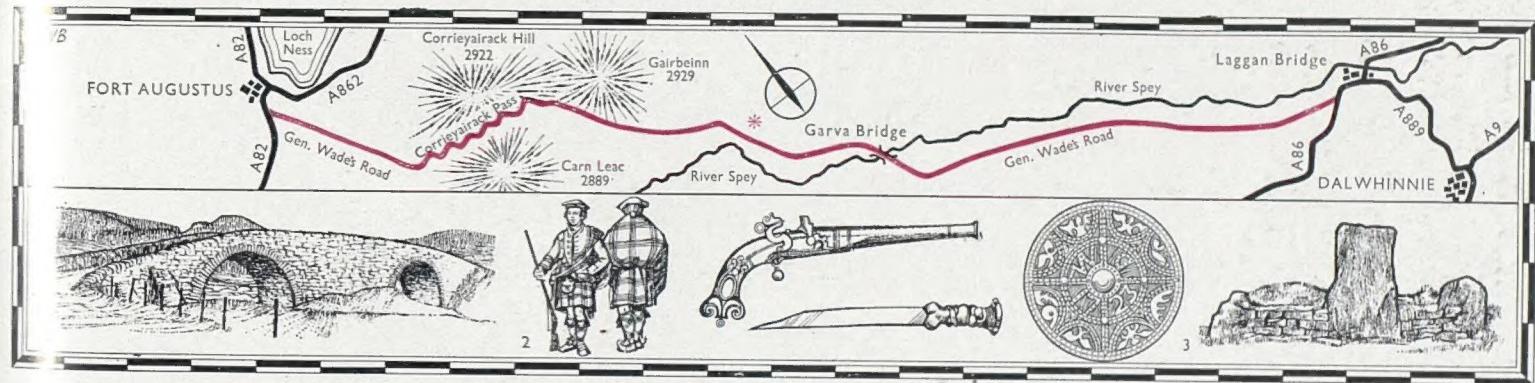
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Winding up Strathspey, in Inverness-shire, and making for the Corrieyairack Pass (in the dip of the skyline to the right of the picture), this is one of the famous roads constructed by the soldiers of General George Wade. After the Jacobite rising of 1715, Wade (later Field-Marshal Wade) saw that roads through the roadless Highlands were the way to control the clansmen, whom he was to disarm. The work went ahead from 1726 to 1736. Wade's chief military highway joined Inverness to Dunkeld, north and south. He finished this in 1729, the date cut on a stone at Dalwhinnie (3) about half way, which marked where the soldiers working up from Dunkeld and down from Inverness joined hands. The 25 miles over the Corrieyairack Pass, no longer much used, was an eastward branch off this highway. The purpose was to join the eastern and western Highlands; and so the road, or track as it is now, crosses the Spey by Garva Bridge (1), conquers the pass at 2,519 feet, and descends by way of sixteen zigzags to Fort Augustus, at the bottom end of Loch

Ness, joining the modern A 862, which began as Wade's road between the Fort and Inverness.

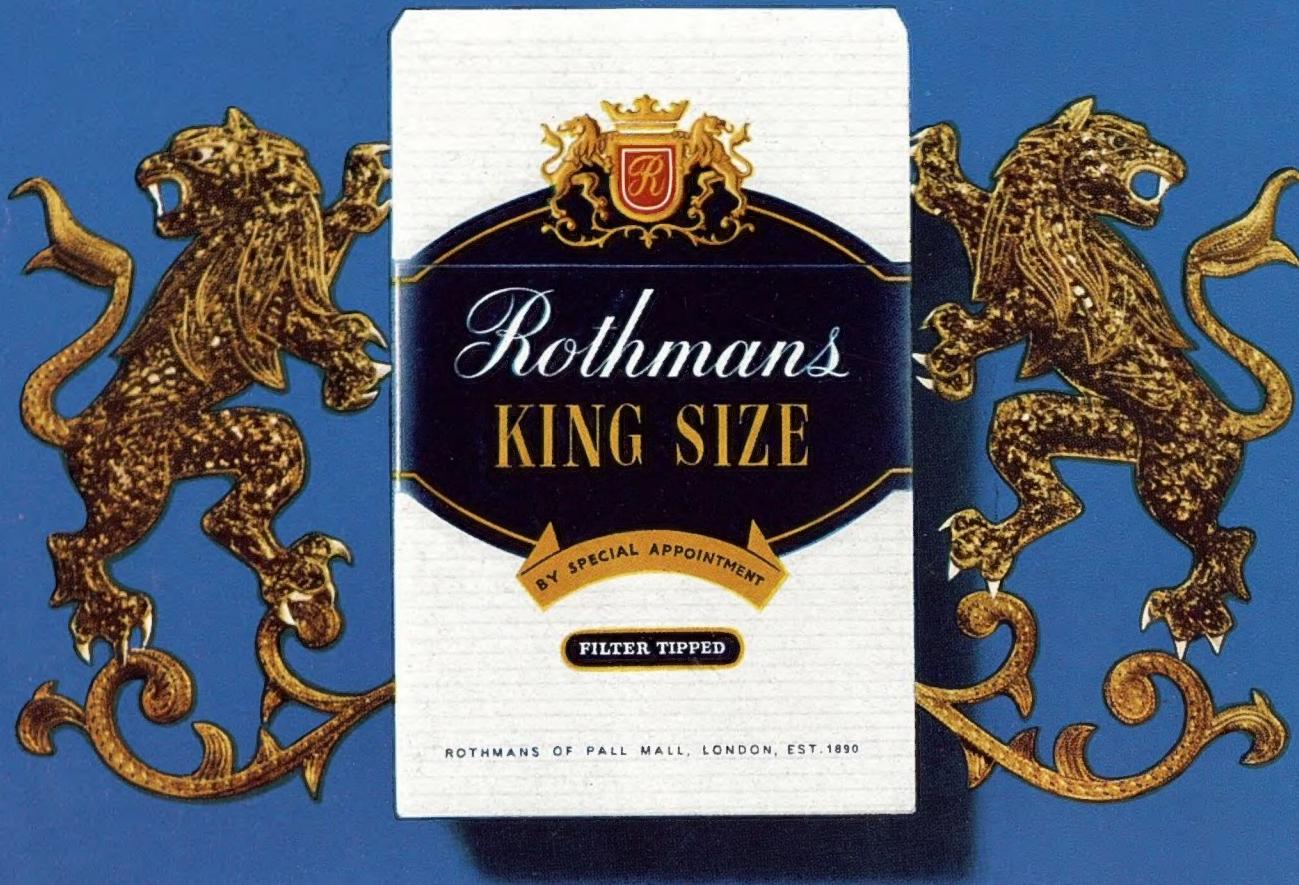
According to Anne Grant, the minister's wife at Laggan in Strathspey, who wrote about the Highlands as they had been during the 18th century, there was a musician in every cottage of this most wild Gaelic land of Upper Badenoch, which the road over the pass traverses, and a poet in every hamlet. Then came the Forty-five—in spite of General Wade and his roads. Wrapped in their plaids (2) (which they were forbidden to wear after this last rising), the Highlanders under Prince Charles captured and destroyed Fort Augustus, climbed the zigzags to Corrieyairack, and marched along this now abandoned road to Dalwhinnie, *en route* for the Lowlands and England.

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